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smalltalk

WHO IS TO KEEP THE STORE?

Sometimes the line between art and what we call real life seems to fade away and the shock from poetry almost parallels the violence of our times. The difficulty of hunting down the rabbit truth in the thickets of experience is apparent in both instances. Then there is the problem of who are the hunters and on whose grounds do they hunt. One of the most provocative and arresting situations in real life is that of embattled students wheeling into array against those symbols of power, the administrators, boards of regents and of education, legislators, and—always—the police. Each side holds up its rabbit skin and claims it for the true faith; each side hears only the sound of the hunt, never its sense.

I know that these generalizations themselves are only partly true. There are folk on both sides who would like to negotiate the conflicts and not resort to violence. To change my figure of speech, there is a disposition in both camps to make the store a working partnership and share the profits. But this too is true only in part and where the rub comes is when the wounds of conflict are raw and bleeding, when this store of society's cultural, social, and political merchandise is invaded and despoiled. No one stops to consider that whoever attempts to take over the store will cheat themselves too if they claim the goods that belong to us all.

Let me return to poetry for a minute. One of the problems of the poet is the problem of re-creating or transforming experience so that it has form and meaning. The poem tries, insofar as words can do this, to re-enact the experience in its immediacy and significance by using an art form built by means of poetic techniques. If the poem is well formed, an emotional or intellectual impact is made on the reader. The poem must kick your shins and make itself felt. It presents a little world of its own, filled with the concrete images that belong to it, and it comes to something that, in its way, makes sense. But to feel the full impact of this truth, or revelation or insight, we must know how to read a poem. Perhaps this argument still holds if we wish to understand what is happening today in our colleges and universities; perhaps we need to learn what the language of dissent means.

Let me give an example. If I say, "George is four years old, and is full of energy," I have made a statement, but have I made a poem? If I say, "The four-year-old tornado roared through the house/blew out through the back door/leaving an overturned chair, cookie crumbs and a broken glass," I have tried to shape in words the experience of boy-as-tornado in search of something and leaving a disturbance behind him. And if we want to push the meaning farther toward some generalization, we might say that this is what all rebels and dissenters do; we go through the store looking for something, and we leave things torn up behind us.

I am not trying to identify with students, they are of another generation and even of another world than mine. But at one time I too wanted to open the show cases and see what was there, and if what was there was genuine or fake, and if it was for me or only for someone with more money and power than I had.

I feel it is a duty for us to speak out when we see our rights as American citizens challenged. We have always done this. It is bred in our bones. Rebellious students are in the tradition. But do we hear clearly and with understanding? On one side we hear glass breaking in the showcases, on the other we hear sirens and the crack of night-sticks beating on young heads.

Let me tell you a fable: A student decided to quit college because he was dissatisfied, so his father sent him to an analyst. After six months the young man came home but his father said he sounded like a left-wing professor and sent him to another analyst. After another six months the young man came home but his father complained that he sounded just like the analyst. So he sent him to a third analyst and when the young man came home his father said the boy sounded just like *he* did and was cured.

It is from this straitjacket of values that young people try to escape. They believe the world of their parents to be run on false assumptions, to be based on myths that are not true. They say they get entangled in standards established by faith in middle class values. It boils down to a kind of formula:

Work hard, save your money, get an education, find a good job, marry a nice girl (or boy) and settle down. Then you can have two cars, a house in the suburbs, and a triple-A credit rating. Because YOU (his parents, teachers, advisors say) are going to be the ones who run the world, the teachers, doctors, councilmen, policemen, *etc.*; you will be the authority.

But for many of the young people, this is not enough. At first bewildered, then frustrated and finally angry, they ask, Is this all life is? Are these myths which are held in such esteem by chambers of commerce, country clubs, legislators, faculties, are these all I can count on? And he thinks of such slogans as, "Every problem has a solution," "Get out and vote," "Make life a fun thing," "Don't be depressed, take a tranquilizer," "Education will increase your earning power." This kind of advice drives some of our young people, not to drink, but to marijuana. And the same police who raid and jail them, escort their parents home from the Club when they get too high on martinis.

The young suspect that these cliches are intended to bolster up the orthodoxy of religion, politics, patriotism. They have read their Hemingway, "They wrote in the old days that it is sweet and fitting to die for one's country. But in modern war there is nothing sweet or fitting in

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your dying. You die like a dog." They know, too, that the words "Communism," and "Fascism," are big hollow soap bubbles that you throw at your opponent and hope they break and splash and stain his coat.

They distrust the advice that the way to improve their world is to follow approved ways of their elders. To the legislator who scolds them for their dissent, they can quote Emily Dickinson: "How dreary to be somebody/How public like a frog to tell your name the livelong day/To an admiring bog." They see the flag of patriotism waved by men who deny American citizens the full exercise of their civil rights. These are some of the things that puzzle, bewilder and infuriate the students.

I make no apology for the wreckers nor excuses for the destroyers. We are stupid if a sense of guilt lets us condone the militants with guns, the small groups who start fires, make a shambles of files, seize buildings, try to intimidate the university. They are as bad as the Klan and the Birch society, just as subversive and ruthless. If we tolerate them because they are Blacks, then we are still patronizing the black man. If we are not tough enough and dedicated to our principles to enable us to wrest his firebrand from him and compel him to work through legal and orderly channels, then we have lost both our nerve and our faith. Society cannot afford to have its guidelines obliterated, and neither can school administrators.

But most of our student rebels are not riff-raff nor bully boys nor self-indulgent outcasts. Then why do they often take sides with the blast-and-run boys? I am no authority on the psychology of revolution, but when I look at the world around me, I can see some answers. Perhaps our student rebels are imitating what they see. They see their own country committed to a solution of its problems through violence and slaughter. They must be shocked to find the ideals of liberty and justice, the pith and core of our American heritage, so badly mangled and neglected. A young man may well ask himself why it is worse to shoot a policeman who is pounding him on the head than it is to shoot a stranger in Vietnam—a stranger who has not hurt or threatened him until the invasion of his country.

On every side he sees nations solving their problems by the use of guns and bombs. What more dramatic example can he have? His problems too are immediate and close at hand, not thousands of miles overseas, and it is not surprising if he waves the bloody banner and tries to fight his way to their solution. He knows that he is ripe for the draft and chance may put him in the jungle where killing and destruction will surround him, involve him, and perhaps destroy him. This prospect must always gnaw at the back of his mind. He lives over a trapdoor which may drop any time, and down the chute he goes into the army to be trained to kill people who have done him no harm and with whom he has no quarrel.

Though my words may be suspect because I am of an older generation, I don't think the young man of today is much different than I was. But he is born into a world that is certainly different from mine. His world seems stuck in the glue of the status quo. And any attempt to loosen it is fought by the forces that control property and institutions and make the rules. For all the new world of things, the world of ideals finds itself hung up between the old and the new like a stuck pendulum and the pressures from both sides make it hard to start.

This is partly why the power of authority is under fire from students. I think we older folk fail to recognize in what we call anarchy the intense idealism that lies at its core. To put it simply, our young folk want to live a more purposeful life than the one they are offered. They want to commit themselves to causes that count for something. They want something more than getting and spending. Many of them have been born into an "affluent society" and they have had enough of the things money buys. So they join the Peace Corps, work in the ghettos of urban centers, volunteer for work among the underprivileged white and black, teach in Indian schools and in Appalachia. They keep pushing at the dead center on which they think their country rests to try to make a new start, to carry out the promises of America.

They want to face the future with clean hands, and to defend their ideals they willingly risk expulsion from college, threats by legislators, jail sentences, and rough handling by the police. I am sure they would agree with the words of Thomas Jefferson: "A little rebellion is a good thing . . . It is the medicine necessary for the sound health of the government . . ."

They are troubled — as who is not? — by vindictive law-makers, by generals who determine foreign policy, by government officials who discharge employees for disclosing theft and corruption. They do not like the people who claim a vested interest in patriotism that sticks to the letter but kills the spirit.

I think many of our young people would agree with Loren Eiseley, the distinguished scientist, who said, (concerning modern western man), "He has become the asphalt man. He has cut himself loose from life in pond and thicket and opened a vast black hole in nature where he spins faster and faster, consuming flesh, soil, stones and minerals, sucking down the lightning, wrenching power from the atom, until something demonic is knocking at the world's heart which may be the giant's final game against the master."

And finally, they are afraid, this young man and young woman — afraid they will become deaf and dumb to awareness of life, culture, needs, become so insulated in a tailor-made society that they will no longer hear nor listen for the voice of their humanity. They beg for ways to communicate their predicament. With beard, long hair, miniskirt and folksong, young folk are saying, Look at me and see a person, we have names, we are individuals and different from our parents. Look at me but above all, listen to me, I have something to say.

—*James Hearst*

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latin american report

PARAGUAY: POINT OF ABSOLUTE ISOLATION

The history of Paraguay is a unique example of isolation in modern times. During the colonial period the Spanish, interested almost exclusively in gold and silver, established their civilization centers in Peru and Mexico and by the Seventeenth Century, after they had toyed with (and abandoned) the idea of establishing a treasure-removal route across the Paraguayan Chaco into the Andes, Paraguay was bypassed, neglected, for the most part ignored.

In the Sixteenth Century the Jesuits established a series of utopian work-prayer communities—the "reductions"—which communized the Guarani Indians into some thirty mission towns. Under this theocratic "communism," the Indians were taught all sorts of trades and crafts (carpentry, hat making, even how to make musical instruments and to print), but the system was strictly paternalistic and when the Jesuits were expelled from Latin America in 1767 the "reductions" were abandoned. The "reductions" in a sense were symbolic of much of later Paraguayan history. They were self-enclosed, self-subsistent and in no way "open," "expansive," "internationalizing."

In the early Eighteenth Century the small Spanish minority which had settled in Paraguay revolted against the Spanish Crown and for fifteen years the rebels ("*communeros*"—of the common people) held out against "reincorporation" into the Spanish empire.

When Argentina finally made a definite break from Spain in 1810, Paraguay refused to join the Argentinians, cloaking itself in a sense of independent nationalism born to a great extent of years of colonial isolation, and as an independent state fell into the hands of one of the most colorful of all Latin American dictators Dr. Jose Gaspar Rodriguez de Francia, better known as *EL SUPREMO*—the Supreme One.

As J. P. Robertson, a Scotch merchant who met Francia when he was in Paraguay points out in his *Letters on Paraguay* (1838-9), with some elementary knowledge of science and letters Francia installed himself as a kind of demigod in Paraguay and turned the country into a xenophobic police-state totally isolated from the rest of the world. No foreigners were allowed in the country, the foreigners who were already there were expelled, emigration was prohibited, and any kind of foreign commerce was discouraged.

During this period, known as the Age of the *Caudillos* (Tribal Chieftans) in the rest of Latin America, a time of brutal unrest and multiple revolutions, Paraguay enjoyed absolute—although tyrannical—peace. In Benitz-Baez's *Historia Cultural*, a textbook used in "*Bachillerato*" (high school) programs in Paraguay today, Francia is described as:

> . . . . a child of the jungle who defended his primordial right to the independent life . . . lord and master of others' wills; the only will, the merciless hand . . . .

The succession of revolutions throughout the rest of Latin America did contribute a certain evolutionary permeability to the emerging republics' socio-economic constitutions, but the static, fixed nature of Paraguayan isolation stopped time on the brink of the industrial revolution. True, this isolation prevented the drain on the national economy that many "foreign" investments have effected in other Latin American countries, prevented Paraguay from becoming a "colony" of the U.S. or England or Russia—one need only think of Central America, Argentina in the Nineteenth Century or Cuba today—but it also blocked even token "modernization" that such imperialistic domination automatically creates.

Another interesting side-effect of this isolation has been the development of a Guarani (the Paraguayan Indian language) -based culture instead of a culture based on Spanish. Paraguay is the only officially Indian-language-based country in South America. Guarani—not Spanish—is the primary language. Of course in Bolivia and Peru the Indian languages are still dominant among the "masses," but the "official" language is Spanish.

On the other hand, there is no graduated scale between "pure Indians" and "pure Spanish." Paraguay is racially and culturally extremely homogeneous—and although the language is Guarani, the culture is primarily Spanish. As Elman and Helen Service point out in *Tobati: Paraguayan Town* (Chicago, 1954), "In Paraguay virtually the whole population speaks Guarani, but few or none are purely Indian genetically."

There are some Paraguayan Indians that are totally unincorporated into Paraguayan life, but few if any "intermediate" forms—half-Indian, half-"Paraguayan."

This is partially due to the fact that a graduated industrialization was not introduced from the outside, forming metropolitan and/or industrial areas, attracting certain elements of the population into "industrialoid" conditions, while others were left outside the industrial perimeter. In Paraguay, as the Services point out, "the basic occupation is subsistence agriculture." There is no gradation, no scale or "ladder" of modernization—the *entire* country is pre-industrial.

Although poor, however, Paraguay is not as destitute as one might expect—primarily because of the comparatively low population density.

In the 1860's Paraguay fought a

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disastrous war with Argentina, Brazil and Uruguay, and not only lost some 300,000 people out of a total population of 500,000, but also a large chunk of territory. In the 1930's in a war with Bolivia in the lowland "chaco" area, Paraguay suffered another punishing manpower loss.

These two wars, added to Paraguay's long history of isolation, have brought her into the Twentieth Century as a country closer to the year One than the year 2000.

Even in terms of the possibility of entering into the Latin America Common Market, the question arises of what a country that produces mainly *yerba mate* (Paraguayan tea) and *quebracho* (a hardwood tree from which tanning extract is derived) can contribute to a world of jets, plastics and steel mills.

As George Pendle notes in his excellent book *Paraguay, A Riverside Nation* (London, 1967):

> Sidney Dell in his comprehensive study of LAFTA (Latin American Free Trade Association) expresses doubt as to whether Paraguay will get its share of any benefits that the opening up of the common market may bring.

Still to a great extent a closed agricultural police-state, the future of Paraguay can be more or less easily plotted. It will remain "primitive." With almost no buying-power to secure foreign manufactured goods, life will continue to revolve around agriculture and home industries such as brick and tile-making and tanning. Any widespread industrial development is unlikely, as is any attraction of large amounts of foreign capital. People will wear poor, out-of-date clothes, have enough to eat (primarily *mate*, manioc and maize, all locally grown) and stay out of politics if they wish to survive. It will continue, in other words, to *stay* out of the mainstream of South American economic development, which in itself, is already considerably removed from "development" throughout the rest of the world.

At the same time, though, this agriculturally-based primitive economy is buffered against the dramatic and often horrifying changes being experienced by other Latin American nations. The Guarani language with its songs and literature, enough to eat, a place to live, a kind of soft and attractive demographic homogeneity . . . . . this is the expected life of the average Paraguayan.

Elsewhere in Latin America and the rest of the Third World, however, the picture is very different. Industrialization splits the nation into fragments, partially incorporating some segments into usually subordinate positions within the superstructure of international corporations whose profits are not fed back into the national economy but pumped out of the country to the head office in one of the major industrial nations. Augmented urbanization and a drastic population growth hang heavily on a comparatively slow agricultural growth-rate. The settled and bland life of the country is exchanged for the rapid, vertiginous life of too-rapidly-expanding cities. Hunger is widespread. Population movements are unpredictable and often flood labor markets to the extent that there are large masses of starving unemployed.

At the same time, this picture of rapid, unequal and painful industrialization obtains exactly what for the country involved? Cars, radios, washings machines, TV's. To use Henry Adams' symbolism, isn't the Dynamo too often traded for the "spirit"?

It may be, on the other hand, that foreign industrial exploitation is merely one step in the development of native industrial capacity and that while the rest of Latin America moves along in terms of world industrial development (although necessarily lagging far behind), Paraguay will become more and more archaic, a kind of "museum" or "reservation" where the past can be visited, viewed —and perhaps, just perhaps, envied.

—Hugh Fox

HERBERT SCOTT

THE DIVORCEE LOOKS AT HER SON

In your contrary walk
I hear his footsteps:
he is home from work,
the door closing.
You throw your books on the table.

It is difficult waiting:
what will I see when you enter
this room, your eyes striking my face?
Will it be him, young
as morning, sweet as fresh washed sheets?

You walk into my hands
and in your body I suffer
his desire. But as we touch
you turn within yourself;
you are at odds with me.

I know: he is there,
hiding in your heart.
I put my finger on him.
Where am I? What can I keep?
Why do you look at me like this?

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american eye

Hartford

The following account is factual. It happened on Albany Avenue in Hartford, Connecticut. The date was October 9, 1968. I have to state this very clearly because I was there and toward the end of the evening I didn't believe what was going on.

I don't mean to suggest by this that anything very dramatic happened. We were trying to set up a so-called free college in a ghetto area and we didn't do very well. That simple. Neither the original effort nor the results were unusual. They were an echo of what has been going on in every northern city during the last three years. Yet the shape of the evening became so symbolic that it haunts me still, not as an experience, but as a piece of allegorical fiction.

A friend of mine named David Colfax had called me up about two weeks before and filled me in on the details. He and a colleague, John Roach, had spent weeks looking for an available storefront and had finally found something satisfactory. They had signed a lease, mimeographed flyers, and found neighborhood supporters to publicize the first meeting.

The project would have sounded more promising two years earlier. The days of black-white cooperation were coming to a close. I had been through some bitter experiences. But I didn't have to tell Dave any of that. He had been through much more than I in the world of race relations. As a genuinely radical member of the Sociology Department at the University of Connecticut, he has been in the center of the black-white scene as well as the anti-war struggle. He had been honored by his draft board with a punitive re-classification to I-A at the age of 34 and, more recently, with a slanderous article devoted entirely to an attack on him in the *New York Times Magazine*. He was a veteran of good fights and I was in no position to remind him that war is hell.

The meeting was called for 8 p.m. at the storefront. The area was familiar to me. Albany Avenue had once been the border between black Hartford and white Hartford. Blacks and Puerto Ricans have spilled over into what was once the white side so that it now appears to be wholly black territory, but everyone who has lived here a while still thinks of it as the border.

It is an undistinguished, wide street dominated by furniture stores, supermarkets, liquor stores, filling stations, and a few remaining apartments. Except for the eastern end, it is not a slum.

You have to look carefully to see that it was once a white area. A few of the remaining meat markets still have Hebrew lettering on the windows; the furniture stores are without exception Jewish; and the liquor stores are mainly Irish and Italian. Almost every one of these stores lost its plate glass the day after Martin Luther King's murder.

It still serves as a kind of neutral ground between the two Hartfords, our own DMZ. A number of the Protestant churches there and at least one Catholic church are still manned by whites and serve as meeting places for groups attempting to solve interracial and community problems. But the clergymen are in an awkward position since the white radicals mistrust them as *liberal* and blacks who show up at such meetings run the risk of being called *Tom*.

Colfax and Roach had tried for weeks to find a place in the "real ghetto" rather than on Albany Avenue, but partly because they were white and also because of the housing shortage they had to settle for this. It might have been an upholstery shop or a real estate office. It did not have a store-front window and the three little glass panes in the door were small and high. That would have advantages during street demonstrations, but it was no way to attract people off the street into a meeting.

When I arrived Colfax and Roach were there with two other whites. On the other side of the table were two blacks chatting together, a man in a baggy sweater and a college-aged girl. We all nodded, but we remained like strangers in an elevator. I asked Dave how things were going in another battle he was involved in and he answered me briefly, but it was apparent to both of us that if we continued along those lines it would cut off the others and make this look like another white liberal club. So we dropped back to silence.

After a while a fat, middle-aged Negro mother came in and eased herself down at the black side of the table. It appeared that she didn't know anyone in the room.

"Well," John Roach said, as if we had all been waiting just for her, "I guess it's about time we got started." I looked at my watch and saw that it was already twenty minutes to nine. We were off to a late start by anybody's standards. "We were hoping for a better turnout," he said. "We distributed over a thousand broadsides. But I guess we have a start here."

He then went on to describe what he and David had in mind. "The University of the North End," it was to be called. An impressive title for those two moderately shabby little

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rooms. I wondered how it would sound to the blacks, but I had no way of knowing because John kept talking.

He didn't have any preconceived ideas, he said. But what they had planned were classes which would be relevant, subjects which would interest the people of the neighborhood, small classes, lectures and group discussions, seminar style, and the teachers would be white at first but after the first term there would be black teachers. In all, he must have spoken for twenty minutes, ending with a reminder that it was *their* school and it was really up to *them* to make it work.

When he was through there was a momentary lull in which any of the blacks could have cut in. And they most certainly would if they had been white academicians. But they weren't white academicians, so Dave Colfax took over.

He told them how badly he felt about there not being more neighborhood people there that night because this thing wasn't going to work unless the people in the area really felt that they owned it, ran it themselves. He developed this idea for another ten minutes or so. I had the uneasy feeling that I had wandered into an NAACP meeting of 1946.

The pattern was now so painfully clear to all of us that I had to say bluntly, "So what's *your* reaction?" speaking to the other side of the table.

There was a silence. The white academicians strained against the almost sexual urge to fill it. And finally the mother spoke up.

"Well," she said, speaking very deliberately, "what I want to know, is whether my boys would get credit. I mean, whether they could get credit, you know, so's they could get into a real college from here. You know?"

I think I saw Dave flinch. The neighborhood had just spoken, and what it had asked for was a return to the settlement house — the old ethnic escape hatch.

"Well," Dave said, using the cautious tone I myself sometimes adopt when a student has missed not only the entire point of the lecture but the philosophy of the discipline as well, "you see, we weren't exactly thinking in terms of *credit*. I mean, there are community colleges for that." And then he began to retrace what he and Roach had already covered.

About this time more neighborhood people began wandering in. A small flock of high-school girls, a young couple with a baby, three boys who might have been in the seventh or eighth grades, and a stray dog. There was a certain amount of whispering and giggling and the baby cried when the bottle slipped from his mouth. It began to sound like a viable meeting.

John was in the middle of explaining to the newcomers what was involved in a neighborhood project like this ("the pedagogical initiative" was a phrase he used three times), when the rest of us began to notice that the man in the baggy sweater across the table had his hand up. He was not impatient about it. He was slouched forward with his elbows on the table, but one hand was raised, finger extended. There was no telling how long he had been sitting like that. Roach just didn't see the appeal until Dave cut in. "Hold it, Jack," he said, and the man in the baggy sweater had the floor.

"Yuh," he said, lowering his hand. "Like, man, I've been listening, you know? Like I've been sitting here and listening, and I don't think you're getting to it. I mean I really don't. Like, these cats are turned off on *classes*. They don't dig *teachers*, you know? I mean, like having one cat up at the head of the room, like, and him telling the others, 'Baby, you think it my way, cause that's the way it is.' I mean, you're not going to get cats in off the street for that. People around here won't have nothing to do with it. Oh, the ministers, maybe." There was a gentle chorus of "Yuh, man, yuh," from the back of the room which was now crowded. "Those Tom ministers. And they'll get some of their people down here. No hard feelings, but them Tom ministers will help you out because you're white, you know? They'll bring some people. Five. Six. Like you line them up and you learn them, but like who cares?"

At least we had moved out of the settlement house. He wasn't talking about credits and getting into white colleges.

"But what exactly do you want?" Roach asked.

"I mean, like some cat gets thrown out by the missus and he's on the street and the pigs they rough him up and tell him to get off the street and he comes in here, what's he want, a class about how to listen to music?"

There was a ripple of laughter. We were on the defensive now. "So what *do* you want?"

"So he comes in here and he starts in about his missus and the pigs and how he feels about Whitey and there's other black cats here, and they start telling him about what black manhood is. They tell him how he don't take no pride in how he's black. They tell him, 'Shit, man, no wonder she threw you out. Like you're probably nothing but a Tom to her anyhow. An' no wonder the pigs pick you out — shuffling along like a Alabama nigger. You start thinking black, man, and he'll think twice before he takes you on.' That's what we say to him. And we keep saying it. You know? Like night after night. An' maybe some day he gets a gun, see, and he kills that pig."

The time machine had spun forward again. This time there was real discussion. Some wanted classes *and* informal sessions. Some wanted people "in off the street" to run the place. We, now in the minority, kept quiet for the first time that evening. More people arrived. A number of them were in their early thirties and unattached. They had arrived together and I wondered if they had just come from some other meeting.

This particular group kept quiet through about 30 minutes of somewhat rambling discussion. And then one of them took over. He was lean, straight-nosed, and spoke with the slightly aristocratic lilt of a Jamaican.

"I just spent the summer out at Watts," he said. "And before that I was with SNCC in Georgia." There was real silence. He held the room in a way no one else there could. "And maybe you'd like to hear about what we're doing in Watts. I don't mean

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the government. I mean blacks."

He began outlining school projects which were neither geared to the white community nor entirely non-directive. What the man with the sweater had been talking about in vague, intuitive terms, this man was able to describe as an educational system.

The meeting had spun down through the course of three decades and was on the very edge of being time-present. It would take only one more step. And he was the one who took it.

"If you want to get something going here," he said in that same quiet but firm voice, "you start with your first set of classes next Monday. Leave the committee game to Whitey. Just start right in. And for Monday, maybe you better have it strictly for blacks. You know what I mean?"

We all knew exactly what he meant. And essentially it was what we had hoped would happen, I guess. Though maybe not quite that fast. Still, it had happened, so one of us — Colfax, I think — said,

"So maybe you want to keep this meeting going without us being here."

He nodded. There was no outward sign of hostility. It was just that we had arrived at a certain point.

So the five of us got up and with difficulty threaded our way through what was now a crowded room. There was silence except for the scraping of benches and folding chairs as they tried to open a path. We hesitated at the door, but none of us could think of something appropriate, so we just left.

This had all happened so fast that we weren't sure how to react. Almost without words we crossed the street and went into a little cafeteria which stood between two boarded-up stores. We sat at a round table by the window and ordered coffee.

"Well," Dave said dully, "I guess that's a great success."

"So why the depression?" John said, equally depressed.

"Well, it's not exactly the way *we* would run it. I mean, that group therapy bit."

"Who holds the lease?" I asked.

"We do."

"Can't you ask them to take it over?"

"They couldn't raise the rent."

"How do you feel about paying without knowing what's going on?"

"Terrible."

"But you're going to pay it?"

"We've got a choice?"

We sat in silence around that plastic-topped table and stared out across the blackness of Albany Avenue. It was late then. Trucks passed by and a few cars. Twice a patrol car paused to check us and the building opposite. But all they or we could see over there through those high, little windows in the door were the backs of heads of those who were standing. There was no way of telling what was going on there and no way for any of us to find out.

"Jesus," Dave said. "I just remembered — I've got the key. Now how the hell can I get the key to them?"

—*Stephen Minot*

Dallas

Since John Kennedy was murdered in Dallas, it has become Texas' most famous city. And I suppose most Americans have certain fixed impressions of it: H. L. Hunt and his right-wing billions, the Cotton Bowl and its wing-T formations, Neiman-Marcus and its winged Christmas gifts—*his* and *hers* Cessnas. But foreigners—non-Texans, that is—must not make the mistake of thinking those trite images are not representative of Dallas; they are. They are well-known because they so truly reflect what Dallas really is—a cold, uninviting place to visit and you're glad you don't have to live there.

I did live there for several years; my daughter was born there, and I have fond memories of my days as a door-to-door book salesman: we looked for a family with a small, foreign car because if they would buy *that*, they would buy anything. I wasn't rich enough to call Stanley Marcus by his middle name and so was outside the establishment, not only by choice but by economic fiat. Thus I am not privy to the big deals made in the segregated Dallas Athletic Club; I do not know what goes on behind the gilded doors at the Republic National Bank. My contact with those responsible for keeping Dallas mired in the Nineteenth Century is restricted to two areas, Democratic politics and police investigative procedures.

Texas politics are, as you would probably guess, like no other politics in America. And Dallas is atypical of Texas politics. The city is run by a group called the Citizen's Charter Association, which each election decides upon a slate of candidates for the city council. Their candidates almost always win. Their politics are officially non-partisan, which in Dallas means they hold with policies somewhat to the right of William McKinley. The group receives unqualified support from the Dallas *Morning News*, a paper considerably to the right of the Chicago *Tribune*. Therefore, projects such as the model cities program or plain urban renewal must look elsewhere for welcome; Dallas will not accept them. (Ft. Worth, thirty miles to the west, will—but after all, the dividing line between Texas and the rest of the United States runs mid-way between the two cities.)

In most of America, rural votes go Republican, city votes Democratic. Not so in Texas; especially not so in Dallas. Harry Truman was the last Democrat to carry Dallas in a presidential election. Its representatives to Congress are now Democratic, but in name only. For example, former mayor Earle Cabell, owner of a chain of convenience 7-11 grocery stores, can be counted on to vote with the Democrats on organizing the House but for very little else. The Republicans control the county's delegation to the state legislature.

As in the case of Cabell, however, you can't tell the Democrats without a scorecard, and much of the fun in working for the Democratic party in Dallas comes from trying to remember who is the good guy and who the bad. That is, the liberal Democrats must contend with the conservative Democrats for funds, for support during presidential campaigns, even for

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microphone usage at convention time. Mayor Daley's control of the 1968 Democratic National Convention was mild indeed when compared to the way Dallas Democrats run such affairs.

In 1962 my wife and I were delegates to the county convention; we represented a liberal precinct from the southern part of the city. Before the convention, we liberals, all fifty of us, caucused at a small restaurant. The conservatives, of course, met at the Cattleman's Steak House. Liberal leaders told us that a compromise had been worked out. In return for a harmonious convention, the conservatives had promised to allow us one resolution, one roll call vote, one open microphone. But it was all a lie. When we tried to get onto the platform during convention proceedings, great giants of men wearing Dallas County Sheriff's badges kept us off; we didn't have the proper credentials. The roll call vote was never taken. We didn't get to propose the resolution, something mild commending Kennedy for his first two years in office. The microphone placed near our section of the auditorium rather mysteriously developed trouble; it never did function. Three months later my wife and I left Dallas for good.

My closest connection with leaders important to Dallas was through my free-lance writing for true-crime magazines. Whenever a particularly horrible murder took place, off I would go to get the facts that would serve as the basis for a fictionalized, lurid account for my magazine. Of all the law enforcement officials I knew in Dallas, Bill Alexander was most representative of community mores.

He was Chief Prosecutor for the Dallas District Attorney's staff, and he believed simply and sincerely that law enforcement meant sending people accused of crimes off to Huntsville for terms ranging from a "couple of cotton crops" to life in prison. He carried a gun to protect himself from enemies, of whom he had plenty. While he worked as prosecutor, Dallas had the highest percentage of convictions of any city in Texas. Incidentally, he never lost a capital case; Dallas juries wouldn't dare turn him down if he asked for the death penalty. It was for him I think the Dallas jury gave Jack Ruby, Lee Oswald's killer, death.

Alexander's main asset as a prosecutor seemed to be his faith in police, especially in Dallas police. He never questioned the guilt of any person he was prosecuting. When Will Fritz, chief of Dallas homicide, handed him a suspect and said he was guilty, that satisfied Alexander.

His manner before a jury was unconventional, by TV standards anyway. He would stand directly at the middle of the jury box, stoop his shoulders, stick one hand in his pocket, and "go country." In private he was a polished, even charmingly literate man. Before a jury he was pure dirt-farmer Texan. I recall par-

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BERNICE AMES

A FRAGILE HOLDING

Under the sag of corpulent heat
where nothing moves but a lizard
and the shadow lowered by a hawk
we struggle to climb slowly up.
Red dust shimmers and pulls
at the skin of our eyes.
Tongues have gone thick and furry.

The view is sudden:
red rock bearing
the blue hump of sky alone.
Hung in the burning air
a loop of stone
draws the land
into new alignment.

The rock worn open
with clutching blown earth
crooks like the brittle bones
of old people keeping
their learned years together.
Eyes, locked in the glare
ache with the burden of seeing.

We descend from our search
and light drains from the stone.
With the gale of vivid years
blowing through us
we who make ourselves
real through words
cling to the place we must hold.

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ticularly one final speech of his.

The case was a straight-forward knifing that took place in the Dew-Drop Inn, in east Dallas. From Alexander's description of it, though. I'm sure the jurors were convinced that their wives and children would not be safe on the streets unless the accused was convicted. "Now, I 'preciate y'all takin' time out to come down here and listen to all this mess," he began. "And I 'spect y'all looked for us to ask you to burn that *boy*." He turned to glower at the defendant. "But, hell, it's only a nigger killin', and we ain't gonna ask you to burn one nigger just for killin' another nigger. But I don't think life imprisonment is too strong, do you?" He told a joke, called the defendant Smokey, thanked the jury again, and sat down.

Alexander's case, however, was weak; another person involved in the rumble had a prison record, while the defendant had never before been arrested. Those of us in the press strongly expected the young man to get a probated sentence. He got twenty years. And Alexander always considered it a defeat. "I knew that third juror was gonna screw up things," he said later. "Should've excused her."

Once Alexander even tangled with Attorney General Robert Kennedy. Alexander was trying to get an FBI agent to testify to certain facts in a bank robbery case. But the agent claimed immunity for testifying because of an executive order. Alexander insisted, and at a preliminary hearing, a direct telephone line was set up between the Justice of the Peace Court in Dallas and Kennedy's office in Washington. Alexander finally got the information he wanted. And I know he enjoyed every minute he had the agent on the stand. He hated the FBI, and even now, his opinion of federal agents is unprintable.

Dallas no longer has the service of his talents; I suspect a good portion of its citizens are thankful. He lost his job over a typical Alexander trick: he said, on television, that he thought the Supreme Court justices ought to be hanged. That was too much, even for Dallas. I'm certain the county courthouse is a dull place now that he's gone.

I will not, of course, claim that every Dallas Democratic Convention is handled like the one in 1962. I do not know the present chief prosecutor in Dallas, and my dealings with the police have been thankfully discontinued. It may be that those incidents I remember most clearly about the city are no longer representative. Perhaps Dallas, like much of the United States, is undergoing revolution. I know that weekly peace vigils are held at the assassination site. I know that some public schools have been integrated, and even token integration is welcome to me in that deep-South city. I know that Dallas has made attempts to regain its image as the cultural center of the South.

I say that *perhaps* it is changing. But on my visits back to Dallas I have been struck with its seeming changelessness. The newspapers are still shrilly conservative, Representative Cabell still registers as a Democrat and votes with the Republicans, and the city government still puts more emphasis on low property taxes and high sales taxes. And in the western parts of Dallas, one still sees the drive-in dairy mart with its group of regulars, all wearing 1948 high school football letter jackets, all driving pick-up trucks with rifles slung over the back window, all discussing sex and hunting—and all wearing cowboy boots since, incidentally, one still finds lots and lots of manure thereabouts.

—*Carl Childress*

Boston

The good vibrations from a long purple room full of canvas chairs, coffee, pastry, and talk are attracting attention around Boston; not just a cafe, it's the lobby to the new Orson Welles Cinema in Cambridge, and the heart of an ambitious project that will expand into a complex including a film bookstore, a bar and restaurant, multi-media nightclub, and smaller theater for viewing experimental films. The Cinema itself is devoted to good films of varying vintage (Welles' "Immortal Story", and Godard's "Pierrot le Fou", so far) which might have had limited exposure when they appeared, for lack of commercial success. The project's philosophy is no less ambitious: to develop an 'environmental area' in which all these facilities might draw Cambridge dwellers together as an 'active, productive community', provide a place where people can entertain, and be entertained by others.

Dean Gitter, its head, spent four months surveying college towns, what young people would like in such a project, and came up with a simple answer—a place to play, not just to have entertainment force-fed to them, or the stale club-crowd (where, as T.B. Gilmore mentioned in the *American Eye*, Spring '69, there is a fundamental 'loss of self', and the purpose is to merge with the 'animal warmth' of youth and anonymity). And the Orson Welles Cinema is already a place to meet and relax before the film, instead of being processed through like livestock; some have bought tickets, sat down with friends and coffee, and have gotten so engrossed in a rap session they never got around to the movie—that night, at least. That *had* to be a good conversation, because the films, and the idea behind the Cinema, are high-quality. Peter Jaszi, in charge of developing the two theaters, plans to show whole groups of films unified around a director, or idea—a series by John Ford, or one centered loosely around the art of social comedy. Operating on a principle of fast turnover, even twenty films like this in two weeks, he would like to blend in first-run works of special interest, as well as unearthing from film archives those that never got out of New York, or otherwise suffered early obscurity from lack of commercial success. Not that profit is an unwelcome word. He hopes these will pay their own way, as the Cinema walks the thin line between a public film archive and a commercial project. The planned experimental theater will complement the main Cinema, showing films or fragments related to the main fea-

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ture next door; some days will be devoted to films made by local artists, other days to films for, and even made by, children.

The film book-store will also open in the fall, along with the multi-media-sensual nightclub, where you might play with balloons, dance, talk, just *be*. Ideas for this are flying thick and fast among the young group working under Dean: the main consensus is that its mood should be fun, and gentle—not pushy (that is, *not* "Okay, up-tight whoever-you-are, be free right now, and let's see you do your thing"). The ideas, like the project, are still in flux; but the central theme is one of welcome. And the ambience of this crew, most of them in their twenties, is an intriguing blend of warm high-spirits and an impressive professionalism. They have combined careful planning, solid backing, and sheer hard work with a slightly antic eye for new ideas; and they have a rapidly growing mailing list for programs and special announcements. It's a group to keep an eye on (antic or otherwise). Write to: Orson Welles Cinema, 1001 Massachusetts Ave., Cambridge, Mass.

A few blocks away, the Charles River banks wind through Harvard territory, and look like a panorama of a battlefield, moments after both sides have wiped each other out completely. But it's the traditional spring blanket of bodies, sprawled in the sun from Weld boathouse to the footbridge and beyond, with just enough energy to fly a few kites and Frisbees. The aftermath of Harvard's violence and strike is still visible in the red fist painted on shirts, in the revolutionary posters still tacked up around the square, and the underground paper, *Old Mole*, being hawked on street-corners. The struggle continues, in the recent, massive meetings in Harvard Stadium, endless student and faculty committees. And in the courts, Judge Viola has said NO to the University's request that charges against arrested students in this 'family affair' be dropped.

Some Bostonians have reacted to the affair with a weary sense of weathering yet another college riot; others feel it bodes ill that it 'could happen at Harvard.' But there are some important differences about this strike: after the initial disaster of the police raid, the energy and involvement of some 6,000 students in voting on whether, and how long, they would strike for the list of demands. The three-day strike, against ROTC and the other issues, that resulted was more effective than a long drawn-out stalemate which would wreck the rest of the academic year. Scores of formal confrontations went on between students and Deans, the latter clearly off balance at points; the Corporation's private correspondence, unearthed by the SDS in the University Hall seizure and printed in *Old Mole*, seemed definitely equivocating, to most minds. Dean Glimp, of the College, whatever his capabilities in normal times, did not distinguish himself, even faced with a roomful of polite, articulate questioners operating under parliamentary procedure. His "Well, uh, you know, I just don't know" seemed less than an answer, the third time around. The students' polite silence (at that meeting at least; at others, he was heckled) seemed an eloquent reproach.

Meanwhile, there was a growing disillusionment with the SDS tactics; during their second seizure of University Hall, the building was ringed with faculty and students of definite liberal credentials, but unsympathetic to SDS. The common knowledge that SDS tried to rig one of the Harvard Stadium meetings to their purposes has alienated more of their followers; the result of that meeting was still a seven-day moratorium, and a final meeting after that period voted it down permanently, 3300 to 991. There seems a healthy resistance growing to an indiscriminate nihilism, even while faculty and students struggle among themselves, and with doubts in their own minds, about how far they must go to have any impact on the Corporate monolith.

One of the most impressive offshoots of 'Harvard' was the emergence of faculty members who have come to grips with the issues and taken a stand. Even with its own internal factions, the faculty has shown a "spectacular display of unity," as the Harvard *Crimson* called it. Previously, they had been expressing 'academic reservation' about the problems including ROTC; whatever the result of the issues at hand, one of the significant landmarks in the continuing struggle is just this emergence of a faculty as a direct, effective political force. It might not be too much to say that Cantabridgians show moments of their traditional elegance even in their revolutions.

—*Diana Gerrity*

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kaul

"CREDIBILITY GAP"

If Hannah Arendt is correct in her contention that evil in contemporary society most often assumes the guise of banality, then surely Richard Nixon must be the Ghengis Khan of the age. No politician of modern times has so assiduously (or offensively) applied himself to raising inoffensiveness to the level of art.

Mr. Nixon gives early promise of becoming the most boring president of the century. His only serious competitor, Calvin Coolidge, lacked the advantage of instantaneous mass communications. Old Cal wasn't in your living room every evening looking excruciatingly sincere and saying: "I want to make myself perfectly clear on this point . . ."

Nixon is; and therein lies the danger. The Nixon style of rhetoric and his ability to inflict it at will on a helpless public affords him the opportunity to put the nation to sleep — to tranquilize it against the grave dangers it faces.

This was not a problem when Lyndon Johnson was in the White House. Say what you will about the man (and he had his faults), at least with him you knew how bad things were. When he'd appear on the television screen, wearing his defrocked used car salesman's face, and begin talking about nailing coonskin caps to walls, you could turn to your wife and say:

"My God! We are in the hands of a man who thinks he's Davey Crockett." It wasn't much, but it was *something*.

Nixon talks and you turn to your wife and say, "By the way, what ever happened to John Cameron Swayze?"

"Faceless majority . . . blah, blah, blah . . . meaningful negotiations . . . blah, blah . . . measured response . . . blah, blah, blah . . . honorable settlement . . . blah." He could make an invasion from outer space sound like a Founders' Day pageant.

But perhaps, just perhaps, there will come a time when dullness is not enough; when Nixon will have to decide whether to "fish or cut bait," to use an approximate quote attributed to him when he was still Old. One supposes the break will come, if it comes, on the issue of Vietnam. As the casualty figures mount, like the numbers on a McDonald hamburger sign ("More than 500 million sold!" "More than 35,000 dead!") he will be forced to find a way to end the war.

And when that good time comes, he would do well to look me up — for I have the answer. I have a foolproof plan for ending the war.

It is not a bogus plan, Mr. Nixon. It is not abject surrender wearing the mask of victory. It *is* victory — total victory with honor, guaranteed to save the American Way of Life without knuckling under to Godless Communism or encouraging further aggression by nations hostile to the basic principles of the United Nations Charter. Honest.

It came to me — as these things tend to — in a blinding flash of inspiration, while reading a newspaper article that suggested the morale of the North Vietnamese had fallen to a new low because of our bombing halt. I quote the key sentence of the article:

"It is not easy to keep high the fighting spirit now that bombs are no longer dropping and no 'U.S. pirates' are overhead to blame for all misfortunes."

Think about that for a moment. If merely stopping the bombing is breaking up the North Vietnamese that badly, what could be expected if we carried the process one step further? If we sent our planes over there and dropped goodies on their heads? That's right, goodies. Candy bars, transistor radios, TV dinners, pop-up toasters, plastic playing cards, wrap-around sunglasses, window air-conditioners, green stamps, automatic dishwashers, bowling balls, his and her jump suits, diet cola, ball-point pens — the works.

But — and this point is crucial — instead of dropping these things on *all* of North Vietnam, what if we dropped them on only part of it. The eastern half of the cities, for example.

It would end the war in six months.

Imagine the scene:

A Hanoi man is sitting on the flagstone patio of his east-side home, munching on a Hershey bar, pausing occasionally to snap pictures of his children with his Kodak Instamatic, while his wife burnishes her nails with a battery-powered manicure set. A bedraggled citizen from the west side of town happens to wander by. He looks, he sees. He says:

"Hey, where did you get the loot?"

"From heaven," the east-sider says. "What's it to you?"

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW welcomes correspondence from its readers, and will maintain a regular Letters column in these pages. Comments of less than 500 words are recommended; the editors assume that all letters are available for publication unless the writer stipulates otherwise.

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"Nothing. I was just wondering, is all. Say, can I have a bite of your candy bar? I haven't had anything solid in my stomach since we ate our dinette set three days ago."

"Buzz off," the east-sider says. "I have just enough for me and mine."

"But that's not fair. You've got all that stuff and I don't have anything."

"That's because you don't deserve anything. You're a west-sider."

"What's that got to do with anything?"

"Everyone knows that west-siders are genetically inferior to east-siders. That's why Buddha sends the American imperialist war-mongers over every day to drop this Sears Roebuck on us and lets you make do with K-rations. You're lazy and you won't work and you smell bad."

"Oh yeah? We'll just see about that. I'm going to move over to the east side. Then I can pick up on some of this capitalistic fallout."

"You can't move here; it's a restricted neighborhood. No west-siders allowed."

"You can't do that. It's unconstitutional."

"So hire a lawyer. If we let one of you guys come over here, pretty soon all of you will be moving in. Property values will fall and there won't be enough candy bars to go around."

"But that's not fair."

"You said that already. I don't know why you people want to move in someplace where you're not wanted. I should think you'd rather live with your own kind. Now scram before I call a cop. I don't want my neighbors to think I'm trying to sell my house to a west-sider. They might burn a lotus flower on my lawn."

A little bit of that and the west-siders would start getting restless. They'd stage mass protest meetings and pretty soon there'd be a riot in the west-side ghetto. The government would be forced to call troops back from the front to help restore order.

In the meantime, east-siders would become reluctant to leave their new-found comforts for the God-forsaken jungles of South Vietnam.

"Why should a man with a chromium-plated cocktail shaker be dragged off to a land he's never seen, way on the other end of the peninsula, to fight the Viet Cong's battles for them?" they'd say. "If this war really is vital to our national interests, let the west-siders go. They're so stupid and miserable they won't be able to tell the difference. Besides, the military training will be good for them. It will teach them discipline."

Before you knew it, you'd have anti-war rallies with people waving American flags and shouting, "Uncle Ho, We Won't Go."

Idealistic east-side youngsters, sensing the hypocrisy of the situation, would rally to the side of the west-siders. They would seize government buildings and present administration officials with non-negotiable demands for the immediate institution of West Hanoi Cultural Studies programs in all of the manual training schools. The government would have to call out the guard again and there would be pitched battles in the streets, orchestrated by charges of neo-fascism and police brutality.

North Vietnam would collapse in chaos and we could sue for peace on our terms — unconditional surrender, North Vietnamese acceptance of full responsibility for the Tonkin Gulf incident and Ho Chi Minh's recipe for mock turtle soup.

Are you listening Mr. Nixon? The point, sir, is this:

No nation can maintain a sense of national purpose when many of her people live in misery, while the others laugh and play games. It can't happen.

There's the idea, Mr. Nixon; it's yours. Free. Don't thank me for it. Don't strike off a medal in my honor. Just use it. —*Donald Kaul*

THE POETS IN THIS ISSUE

BERNICE AMES has published widely, though this is her first appearance in the **Review;** her most recent book of poems is **Antelope Bread** (Alan Swallow) . . . . **MARVIN BELL** is familiar to readers of this magazine and (especially) of **Poetry.** He will teach a poetry workshop in Corvallis early in August . . . . **FRANCES COLVIN** is new to our pages, but has appeared in **Commonweal, Poetry Northwest, Prairie Schooner,** and others; she won a Borestone Award in 1967 . . . . **PHILIP FRIED** is 24, and teaches in the Bronx . . . . **DENIS JOHNSON** was one of the prize-winners in the recent Kansas City Poetry Contests . . . . One of the best-known and most-respected of American poets, **DONALD JUSTICE** teaches at Syracuse; his books include **Night Light** and **The Summer Anniversaries** . . . . **GREG KUZMA** lives in Slippery Rock, Penna., and edits the poetry magazine **Pebble.** Two collections of his work are **Something at Last Visible** and **Sitting Around** . . . . This is **RONALD MORAN'S** first appearance in the **Review;** he is published in **Southern Review, Carolina Quarterly,** and others, and has a book of poems, **So Simply Means the Rain** . . . . **FREDERICK PLOTKIN** teaches at SUNY, Buffalo. He has published poems and critical essays in a variety of American and European journals . . . . **HERBERT SCOTT** lives in Kalamazoo, and was represented in our spring issue . . . . This is **ALAN SOLDOFSKY'S** first national appearance; he is 18, an undergraduate at Iowa, a native of Arkansas . . . . **HELEN SORRELLS** lives in California. Last year she won poetry awards from Borestone Mountain and **The Arizona Quarterly** . . . . **DAVID WIDENER** is taking time off from teaching at Pierce College (Los Angeles) to work on a novel; his credits include **Poetry Northwest, Epos,** and **Reflections,** as well as this **Review.**

(Note: While other magazines interested in poetry have sometimes adopted a policy of reading no unsolicited manuscripts, the **Review** wishes to reaffirm its willingness to consider impartially the work of every serious poet. We have always believed that a magazine dare not become only a meeting place for mutual admirers, and we invite the new as happily as we prize the established.)

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the fabulist

VICTOR CONTOSKI

THE KING OF THE GREAT GLASS MOUNTAIN

I

Once a king lived in a huge palace high atop a glass mountain, whence he could survey the far reaches of his kingdom. Only his most trusted messengers, by means of special suction equipment, could climb the Great Glass Mountain, and these served as the king's contact with his people.

One morning the king awoke to find a tremendous crack in the glass extending from the entrance to the royal palace straight down through the heart of the mountain itself. The crack was particularly embarrassing for it was visible to his entire kingdom. Alarmed, he asked his wise men the meaning of the crack. "Oh, exalted ruler," they said, "the crack can be but one thing—Democracy."

II

The king was naturally terrified. He summoned the leaders of giant corporations to repair the crack, financing his undertaking by harsh taxes on the poor and, when these proved insufficient, drafting their sons into the army to wage war beyond his borders in hopes of gaining enough riches to pay the giant corporations, which had proved their civic spirit by offering to repair the crack on a cost-plus basis. When asked by his wise men the rationale behind his actions, the king replied that he was practicing Free Enterprise.

III

Then the poor, finding their situation more and more intolerable, began to gather on street corners and speak against the King of the Great Glass Mountain. Some even had the nerve to say that the crack in the mountain was a good thing. "The people," said the wise men, "are exercising their rights of Free Speech and Free Assembly."

IV

"That is very interesting," said the King, who thereupon sent his police and soldiers to beat the poor and take pictures of the leaders for the files of the secret police. "This is another aspect of Free Enterprise," he explained to his wise men, "maintaining Law and Order."

V

Thus, long ago and far away, in the ancient kingdom of the Great Glass Mountain, the king and his wise men found ruling the country a Mutually Educational Experience.

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THE GRIPES OF ACADEME

It seems a hundred years ago—it was last February, to be exact—that the *Review* first started shuffling around among the clutter of our spring issue and decided to devote some part of the summer issue to an examination of student unrest, campus upheaval, the New Left and the Old Center, and all the rest of the academic soul-harrowing which has become integral to the processes of higher education within the last year or two.

Since that time, everybody's been doing it—viewing the campuses with alarm, probing the roots of the problem, calling for sterner or milder solutions, begging reform, or conducting journalistic inquisitions. All the major magazines have had their say, the television networks have produced their documentaries, the politicians have pronounced; the Nixon administration—not a government likely to be remembered for its willingness to take stands—has been articulate on the subject of campus ferment, and you may take your choice among the statements of Agnew, Finch, and others. (We believe, incidentally, that it was an unfortunate miscalculation for the President to deputize Spiro Agnew as the Administration spokesman on university matters. It seems to us that the Agnew mission intended to provoke America's silent, middle-class majority into a fever of militant anti-intellectualism. Behind his bland, simple-minded style sits a self-righteous vindictiveness which suggests that this nation is prepared to support a war against the young before it has settled its other, more pressing wars.) Even Eric Hoffer, the philosopher-peasant of this land, has called for courageous university administrators—defining the ideal university president as a man who "when he wakes up in the morning, spits on his hands and says: 'Whom shall I kill today?' "

On the heels of such hue and cry, then, we offer in the pages that follow a kind of last word (for *this* academic year) on the subject of campus disorder. Administrators, faculty, and especially students have written down for us what they think, what they have seen, what are their hopes and fears for the future at colleges and universities upset by every sort of campus dis-ease. Some are reasonable, some ironic, some outright enraged; some take the long view, some the short; some write with high style, some with sheer visceral make-do. In every case, we have employed the lightest possible pressure of the editorial hand—asking only truth and legal humaneness—in favor of the strongest possible impact of the first-hand.

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Like many other state-supported institutions, the University of Wisconsin operates within a conservative environment where the response to student militancy tends to be simple and repressive. Miss Preis, formerly a teacher at Tougaloo (Mississippi) College, surveys February's visit of the National Guard and a later (but unrelated) police action in Madison.

julie preis

UW: THE UNREVOLUTIONARY PRESENT

On Tuesday, April 22, a caravan of some 500 demonstrators, led by Father James Groppi, drove from Milwaukee to stage a march on the Wisconsin State Capitol in Madison. The occasion of the march was the decision by the legislature's Joint Finance Committee to chop state welfare funds by eliminating Aid to Dependent Children, the Work Incentive Programs, and part of Medicaid to indigents. Hours before the Milwaukeeans arrived, Governor Warren Knowles, in a move which alienated many of his fellow Republicans and precipitated a large-scale political hassle, vetoed a bill which would have immediately cut the same programs in order to meet a $21 million school aid deficit. Even if the legislature should soften its position, its concept of fiscal responsibility is an obvious target for demonstrators. What was discouraging about the march— aside from the fact that the lawmakers remain adamant—is that University of Wisconsin students, and faculty, had not already shown the same dissatisfaction with the legislature—for the Finance Committee had voted to withdraw $38 million from University funds as well as from welfare. In fact, there has been little overt protest against the whole series of repressive actions taken since February's student strike in support of 13 demands made by the Black Student Alliance.

But this is symptomatic of the lack of focus and perspective which have marked the UW crisis from its start. Neither the student demonstrators, the Administration, nor the state legislature seems to grasp that the "real issue" is not exclusive of *any* of the major issues raised in connection with the strike. Because a student movement necessitates the interaction of forces, the nature of this interaction (counteraction, more often) is critical to understanding campus unrest. That the demands themselves have been obscured in the wake of the strike means that the "real" issue, far from being cast aside, is actually emerging with unwelcome complexity. Paradoxically, however, it has become clearer than ever how the battle lines are drawn, with the central problem being power and how it is used. The fizzling-out of active protest suggests that students are not sufficiently troubled about the problem to transform a hit-and-run attack into a protracted struggle.

Power at UW clearly resides in the Administration, Board of Regents, and the State government: there lies the power to decide the validity of students' demands and activities, and to manipulate money and people according to a restricted idea of "higher" education. The prevailing motive of those in power is always self-protection; hence, when challenged they assume postures of self-defense. The black students' demands were such a challenge.

Basically, the demands called for an autonomous Black Studies Department staffed by black teachers, and for substantial student voting and advisory powers in the University. When the BSA presented its demands to the tune of a strike, it did so because the University had belied its good faith by its reluctance to act on these matters earlier. Characteristically, Chancellor Edwin Young responded to the demands by issuing a list of official answers, purportedly defending the Administration against charges of inaction. Generally, he swore to

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the school's ongoing efforts to expand its program, but reminded his audience of the impossibility of giving one group autonomous control of a department or organization. At best, the statement was vague and platitudinous, and it could hardly have been counted on to pacify aroused students who had had their fill of empty communications. When pickets were marching on campus chanting, "On strike, shut it down," such a last-ditch attempt appeared paltry indeed.

By now, of course, it is common rhetoric for college administrators to justify the most blatant overreactions to demonstrators as "protection" of right-thinking individuals from those who would subvert lawful authority and that great American shibboleth, majority rule. It is taken for granted that protestors unequivocally welcome violence, that they actively seek to create it, and that if it does occur the entire blame rests with them. Although the very nature of the ("non-negotiable") demands required physical confrontation, the authorities showed that they did not accept the strike as legitimate protest. The decision to call in the police and National Guard, explained as "protection" of the campus against a radical minority, reflected a typical combination of self-righteousness (but kids, we *are* working on these problems), paranoia (they're going to tear the place down), and revenge (we'll show these punks who's boss). One wonders at the naivete of administrators who persistently act as if armed presences on campus will do anything but intensify the conflict. Nor do they seem to realize that strikes do not occur where students have an abiding faith in existing methods and goals. Since the effective power in the University—as in American politics—rests on preserving the *status quo*, those in power cannot tolerate the possibility of significant social change. The state government, also operating on the protection theory, has fed its own fear by passing a number of bills designed to offset future incidents. For example, out-of-state enrollment has been cut 5% and tuition for non-Wisconsin residents raised several hundred dollars; it is now a misdemeanor for students who have been expelled from school in connection with protest activity, to return to campus without permission; sound-amplifying equipment is barred from campus when its use could lead to disruption. Absurdly offbase as they are, such measures are seriously presented by the lawmakers as necessary to the well-being of the school.

"What might otherwise be considered a victory . . . is vitiated by the danger of (the Black Studies Department's) being subject to long-standing bureaucratic channels."

It is not the intention here to celebrate the clear-sightedness and nobility of battling students in contrast with the narrow screw-tightening mentality of their adversaries; at UW as at other schools, the student movement suffers from rhetorical and strategical tangles of its own. Yet unlike many other campus protests, where public outrage is ignited by open espcusal and outbreaks of

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violence, the Wisconsin strike was marked by few such incidents. (Those few are not to be ignored; the point is that they *were* few.) From the beginning, strike leaders pointedly reminded their supporters to avoid potentially violent situations, to keep the mass activity under control. Accordingly, tactics included marches, picketing, street-corner rallies (and consequent blocking of traffic), sit-ins at the Capitol—with the cops trying to keep up with the action along the way. Another point worth remembering is that the strike clearly originated from within the University; yet it was continually insinuated—without a shred of evidence—that a nationwide "student conspiracy," provoked at UW by "outside agitators," was responsible. Given the actual behavior of the strikers,

"It is common rhetoric for college administrators to justify the most blatant overreactions to demonstrators as 'protection' of right-thinking individuals . . . ."

and the inane fear reflected in the conspiracy theory, the Guard call-up was ill-advised, to say the least. If the spectacle of several thousand relatively well-controlled demonstrators drives fear into conservative hearts, it is all the more alarming to see battalions of riot-equipped National Guardsmen occupying Bascom Hill. Not surprisingly, this move by the University officials probably did more than anything to swell the ranks of strikers. On the first day of the strike, the action consisted mainly of clusters of students picketing campus buildings, somewhat half-heartedly; before the week was out, the number of demonstrators was estimated at as many as eight or ten thousand.

With so many bodies in evidence, all apparently willing to defy each attempt to disband them, the issue inevitably became one of means as well as ends. A highly conspicuous response at such a time is to interpret the crisis in terms of force versus freedom of choice. The strikers, said critics, must not prevent others from going to class; Education (*i.e.*, the standardized ritual of it) Must Go On. The implication is that every attempt to challenge existing structures will surely overturn law and order, and therefore must not be countenanced. Witness the Young Americans for Freedom, armbands bearing a green H (for Hayakawa), leading their cleancut forces against the long-haired would-be destroyers. The Administration, needless to say, spearheaded this kind of reaction by simultaneously retreating from the demands and attacking the supposed advocates of violence. And not least significantly, the faculty, in a pious statement issued during the strike, refused to condone "the use of force to make opinions prevail," for force, as everyone knows, is incompatible with free inquiry.

If the University were really a center of free inquiry, one might ask, why must students strike in order to be heard? Again, what was being challenged was not the validity of the demands themselves, but the strikers' right to support them in the way they did. In the most "liberal" of institutions, UW included, there exists the insidious prejudice that protest equals attempted coercion, that to "demand" change is a prerogative belonging to no one, least of all those whom it would most affect. Admittedly, the word "demand" has become part of a vocabulary much in need of inspiration. Yet the language of the law-abiding majority suggests nothing if not, "We demand you do things our way; we demand you surrender the right of dissent." Despite its appeal to the American Way of liberty and upstandingness, the rhetoric used by critics of the strike often smacked of totalitarianism: *we will not permit, we cannot allow, this will not be tolerated.*

A readiness to seek safety in majority opinion was also implicit in local newspaper and television coverage of the strike. As an article in *Connections*, a Madison underground paper, pointed out, the local media reacted to the crisis by immediately focussing on its purely physical aspects: the previously adequate (if not profound) reporting of pre-strike negotiations gave way to non-interpretive, unperspectived descriptions of moment-by-moment activity. Presumably, watching the strikers tie up traffic was more fascinating, and more important, than understanding why they were doing it.

The disservice done to both University and community through such reporting lay in the failure to offer an alternative viewpoint to Madisonians who were predisposed to interpret the rebellion in the worst possible light. One TV station did a slightly better job of presenting the issues, by broadcasting two phone-in interviews, one with Chancellor Young and other administrative officers, the other with four black student representatives. The result was illuminating: while Young *et al.* consistently evaded specific questions and avoided any definite commitment on the demands, the black students expressed their position forthrightly and in detail, not hesitating to dismiss silly questions in favor of sensible ones. Whether the programs succeeded in changing more than a few minds is doubful, but at least they filled a small gap in the too-often-ignored area of University-community communications. No one with a stake in American education needs to be told that one major enemy to educational reform is a public whose attitudes have been shaped by the simplistic interpretations of the mass media. For the millions of Americans whose daily fare is nothing meatier than (say) the Madison *Capitol-Times* and perhaps *Newsweek* magazine, the currently-exploding campuses are a source of grave concern: after all, it is their money being spent, their children who are flouting traditional opinions, their country whose foundations are swaying. It is all the more important for the student point of view to reach such persons, for the support of the average "concerned citizen" provides the big power-holders with a vast reservoir of support.

"Reaching the community" is, supposedly, intrinsic to the radical program, and difficult enough in itself; however, it cannot begin to take place unless the move-

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ment itself has coherence. One of the main weaknesses of the Wisconsin mobilization, it would seem, is that it was organized around 13 demands which were, first of all, *black* demands, and secondly, far from revolutionary. Although the black liberation movement has done much to move conscientious whites in this country from sympathy to action, the point has not yet been reached where thousands of college students, many of whom are having their first taste of mass revolt, are ready to lay themselves on the line for the black brothers. Where racism and anti-black violence are overt, yes, whites have done just this; but at the University of Wisconsin, no, in spite of students' undoubtedly real objections to racism. It is one thing to join the fight when murder or starvation is the rallying point, and quite another when the occasion is a set of demands which white students have previously been only dimly aware of. In the latter case (UW's), shouting, "On strike—support the black demands," indicates a mental attitude that this-is-the-right-thing-to-do, but not necessarily a profound moral certitude amounting to self-sacrifice. For many of the white strikers, no doubt, the stirrings of a growing social conscience made it unthinkable not to take a stand in favor of racial and academic equality. Yet they are still not black students at a white institution, thus not suffering directly from that institution's reluctance to offer its blacks a culturally relevant education. By calling for an *autonomous* Black Studies Department, the black students implied the authentic separateness of their claim: for such a department to be bound to the University in the same way as other departments would mean acceptance of the present corporation-structure (whiteness) and a corresponding denial of a self-determining racial identity (blackness).

The difficulty, though, was not in convincing the whites of the need for autonomy or of recognizing black leadership. Rather, it was in translating an essentially emotional commitment into a moral and political one, so that whites' participation in the strike could shed light on their own relationship to the University. Insofar as this happened, the strike was an educational experience of a different, more valuable, sort than the more conventional process of classes-papers-exams. Unfortunately, the conventional routine quickly succeeded in reclaiming the strikers' loyalty, allowing them too brief an encounter with the other kind of education.

The second point—that the demands were neither revolutionary nor startlingly unique—can be seen at a glance. In fact, were the Administration as interested in strengthening the school as it professed to be, the demands were mild enough to be welcomed as steps in that direction, even with the few legal problems they presented. Yet they were greeted instead with mistrust and defensiveness, a response no doubt conditioned by events on other campuses concerning similar issues. From the students' point of view, the unsensational character of the demands was a disadvantage: it is easier to attack a single obvious target than to advocate a multi-item program which, ultimately, might cause only minor structural changes within the University. For example, at this writing (April), seven faculty members—four of them white—have been appointed to the Steering Committee of the new Black Studies Department; but it has yet to be decided how many students will be selected, and whether they will have voting rights. (A plea from black leaders to protest the weighted committee went virtually unheeded.) So what might otherwise be considered a victory of sorts—namely, a faculty vote to set up the new department—is vitiated by the danger of its being subject to long-standing bureaucratic channels. Without genuine autonomy, Black Studies will become just one more tentacle of an already sprawling University, and liable to the stultifying network of politics, requirements, and irrelevancies which plague existing departments. If so, UW's blacks will find themselves perpetuating the institutions they object to. Obviously, this outcome would not be particularly the fault of the 13 demands, but it does indicate the pitfalls of asking for moderate reforms.

A frequent accusation thrown at demonstrators is that many of them are merely hangers-on, more interested in being where the action is than in the motives and results of the action; and whose political philosophy is one-tenth genuine conviction and nine-tenths a non-analytical devotion to the rhetoric of the Left. The latter is probably a more significant distinction, especially when dealing with large numbers of people allegedly united in a single cause. Beginning with the assumption of "sincerity," one proceeds to the questions: how is that sincerity justified by the students' experience of life, and how adequate is the rhetoric to meet the concrete, grueling demands of a day-to-day anti-Establishment war?

Certainly Wisconsin has its share of those for whom the physical confrontation is more attractive than the moral dilemmas it poses, an attitude which is more alarming when one senses that the physical and moral realms are thought of as separable. A booklet published several weeks after the strike illustrates the syndrome. In it the reader was treated to page after page of photographs of the confrontation, with practically no text (an omission only partially justified by the picture-worth-a-thousand-words theory: the pictures were simply not that good). In effect, the book is an exercise in self-congratulation—we've finally made it, had a run-in with the cops—and a souvenir of an exciting week, rather than an illumination of that week's events. More than that, it seems a deliberate distortion of the local strike so it will resemble those elsewhere. If the student movement is to develop unity and direction at UW, it must build on an understanding of what happened here, during and after the February incidents. Otherwise it will attract only temporary help, quasi-radicals who lose interest when the crisis is not very near and very visible.

These criticisms of the strike may seem to turn away from the earlier proposition that student protest is a legitimate reaction to overextended power. Yet the shortcomings suggested above—problems of organization, undeveloped ideology, immaturity of conscience—inhere in any mass movement against institutionalized oppression.

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The individuals within the mass face having their personal convictions diluted or distorted by the group's accepted position. Moreover, a movement directed toward liberation and renewal can turn against itself if its philosophy hardens into a party line, with certain individuals trying to prescribe the exact content of others' beliefs. Even so, when the choice is between joining an imperfect radical movement and none at all, students who are looking for outlets to their frustration do not linger long over the choice. Even at schools where differing opinions about methodology result in a radical-moderate split, it is possible that the moderates will eventually have to recognize violence as legitimate and, indeed, unavoidable.

At Wisconsin, the problems of unification are more elementary, the political intricacies less evident, than at universities where protest has been active for a longer time. The targets for protest are certainly not lacking; what is absent is the will and concern necessary to launch a creative program of change. Without an honest assessment of the issues, and a sensitivity to the immediacy of the conflict, UW students will not be able to move from the realm of transitory excitement into that of binding commitment. As each arrested demonstrator is hauled into court, as the legislature's Investigating Committee keeps up the witch-hunt for subversion, as University funds are depleted, one hears only occasional squeaks of pain from the UW community. This *could* mean that the school is on the downslide, and that in the future the quality of education will deteriorate, prestige dwindle, and student activists be alienated. A renewal of hostilities would sharpen antagonisms and tighten the clamp-down; but unless that necessary risk is taken, many will remain blind to the sources of antagonism and the injustice of the repression.

At times the temptation is to write the University off as hopelessly reactionary and unalterable, and to turn one's social energies to areas outside the school, where, perhaps, one can live without feeling "up against the wall." Those who submit, however, to the often irrational demands of the University, and at the same time denounce the educational system as intolerably oppressive, are themselves the agents of that system. Change from within must be possible; but it requires more shrewdness than sincerity, and more courage than is needed for merely rhetorical assaults. No one is truly up against the wall while he still has the freedom to shout about it.

POSTSCRIPT: THE MIFFLIN ST. RIOTS*

If, as was reported at the time of the street invasion by the police, the Mayor and other city officials actually shook their heads in wonderment because they thought "it couldn't happen here," they must be credited with providing the (somewhat bitter) laugh of the week. For Madison has exactly the atmosphere where it could be expected to happen. The "student as nigger" analogy, which has been kicking around for some time now, is particularly appropriate for a town like this, where there are few blacks and where poverty areas are not so blatantly visible as in larger cities. It does have the University, though, and with it the students, who compose the heaviest population of downtown Madison. Many of the students are ghettoized into high-rent, slum-condition streets (such as the Mifflin-Bassett St. area where the police struck); their moral and political values are often on different planes from other citizens'; physically they are more casual and less restrained by conventional standards of respectability. In short, they are "freaks," the sources of moral decay and civil disharmony, and their trouble-making capacity was proven as recently as the student strike earlier this year. Because "student" is so frequently identified with "disruptive element," and student activism inevitably condemned by authorities as destructive of democracy, one cannot accept as spoken in good faith the assertions by city and police officials that students were treated, during the time of the riots, just as any other citizens would have been. To be a student is to be stigmatized and made a scapegoat. Never was the community's need for finding scapegoats so directly expressed as during the police riot this spring.

That it was a police riot is indisputable. When the students living on Mifflin street planned a block party for Saturday afternoon, they were setting no precedent: such parties had been held in the city in the past, even though city ordinances make no provisions for them. Just the week before, the residents of another University-area street had held a dance, without interference from police. But this time it was impossible not to believe the attack had been planned (with Mayor William Dyke's know-

**The world—Madison, Wisconsin, included—does not stop to accommodate writers' deadlines. So when I was asked to follow up the preceding article with a description of the riots of May 3-5, I faced (again) the frustrating prospect of delivering judgments on events which have not run their course. Moreover, the complexity of the issues surrounding the Mifflin Street crisis demands a far more thorough treatment than can be given here. The reader, therefore, is warned that this article, written one week after the outbreak of the trouble, is neither an exhaustive account of the events nor an adequate analysis of urban violence. It is merely a statement of the obvious about Wisconsin society and politics—that the state's intransigent rightism is demonstrated daily, and—as with the May riots—in frightening proportions.—J. P.*

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ledge, says one reliable city reporter; both the Mayor and the Police Inspector "happened" to be out of town that day); to quote Police Chief Wilbur Emery, the students "aren't looking for a party, they're looking for a fight." The sight of hundreds of club-carrying cops arriving on the scene, armed with tear gas canisters, made it clear who was looking for a fight. The melee that followed was repeated on Sunday and Monday, as police moved onto other mid-city streets in their determination to catch every available student: innumerable clubbings and tear gas explosions, answered with flying rocks and bottles; students forced onto porches, into homes and University buildings, only to be forced out by more exploding canisters of gas; faculty members and other non-students beaten; in all, 107 arrests (simply being on the forbidden streets constituted "disorderly conduct"). It is true that no permit had been granted for the party, although one had been sought. It is not true that the party was designed as a potential confrontation with the law; one does not arm himself for battle with ice cream and oranges.

Because the violence was unprovoked, unnecessary, and so clearly an expression of irrational hatred, the sense of powerlessness and anger it evoked among students was enormous—especially since their living conditions were already such as to create ripeness for violence on their own part. At the same time, few disputed the need to "cool it," recognizing that a rational assessment of the weekend's outbursts was not a cop-out, but rather the only intelligent response to the situation. Ostensibly, of course, Mayor Dyke and the City Council also professed hope for a peaceful settlement and for a rational examination of the issues. To some extent this was achieved, when the Mayor sent a committee of 30 Madison businessmen, lawyers, clergy, and professors into the riot area to interview students.

In the City Council meetings that week, however, it became clear that most of the aldermen intended to react to the riots just as the state legislature had to the student strike in February—*i.e.*, with vituperative attacks on "extremist" students, and legalized restraints against them. Included as objects of criticism were Aldermen Paul Soglin and Eugene Parks, both ex-University students and representatives of Ward 8, where Mifflin St. is located. Both Soglin and Parks were largely responsible for organizing the Mifflin St. residents and suggesting reasonable methods of presenting their grievances. (Both had also been arrested during the riots; Soglin was bailed out by Fire Captain Edward Durkin, who felt that the young alderman was needed to calm the students. Ironically, Durkin's legal action was regarded by many Madisonians as evidence of complicity with subversive parties.) The major subject for debate in the Council was Soglin's motion that a permit be issued for another block party, to be held the following Saturday. The motion failed, 17-3. A yes vote, felt its opponents, would be a concession to extremists, an open invitation to more street fighting, a finger in the eye of law and order. Nevertheless, the Mayor scheduled another hearing for the following week, on the subject of recreational use of the streets. Mifflin Streeters, who had resolved to hold the party regardless of the vote in the City Council, decided instead to accept Captain Durkin's invitation to spend Saturday afternoon at his farm, and the city settled down to at least surface calm.

The student as citizen: the student as nigger. Protection of the community: violent suppression of a minority. In Madison, this is no accident; it is deliberate support of a tradition. During the same week of the riots, the process of vindicating the Wisconsin Way continued throughout the state. For example, the budget offered by the Joint Finance Committee received final approval. Governor Knowles signed into law the anti-student protest bills mentioned in the preceding article. The Board of Regents denied permission to hold the SDS national convention here this summer. President Harrington, appearing before the Legislative Investigating Committee, vowed not to tolerate "disruptive" protests at the University; Senator Gordon Roseleip, a member of the Committee and a longtime adversary of Harrington, condemned the President as "un-American" for even tolerating the presence of SDS on campus. Two state senators introduced legislation barring Father James Groppi and cohorts from participating in further demonstrations at the Capitol. . . . This is only a partial list. Madison and the state of Wisconsin have no right to be incredulous when the police enact violently the kind of procedure which elected officials, under the aegis of democracy and due process, carry out every day. Not only *can* it happen here, it has—and will again, as long as the reactionary powers last.

RONALD MORAN

THE TIPS OF HER FINGERS WERE DARK WITH PRINT

In the back sections of papers
Mother found the tragedies:
how steak improperly chewed
chokes, how acid in aspirin
ulcerates, for instance—

until I came to welcome
clippings in the mail,
their warnings underlined:
once for discovery,
twice for my life.

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A current joke concerns a university administrator who dies, goes to Hell, and doesn't notice the change for four days. One feature of an administrator's earthly suffering is the inevitable press conference in the wake of campus upheaval. Here is one such, in which the Chancellor of the University of Wisconsin presents the school's side of events in Madison in February.

h. edwin young

A CHANCELLOR'S PRESS CONFERENCE

It is with very great regret that I see you here—not because you are newsmen, but because of the occasion. It is not easy to invite the police and then the National Guard to the campus. It is very important to do so when it's necessary to maintain the university.

This present situation arises from a list of demands presented to our office which I've discussed with a number of students, black and white, and the support for those demands by many people who I'm sure don't understand what the demands are or what the consequences are. Since I am so deeply involved myself in this matter, I asked some members of the law school faculty to analyze the demands in terms of what they might mean. They told me that some of the demands represent things that we are already doing. We are already trying to bring increased numbers of black students to the campus. We do have a program in which a person can major in black studies as part of the American Institution's curriculum. There is an Afro-American race relations center. We are, in every department, recruiting faculty members, black and white. So those things are going forward. And the word is not getting out; we have failed somehow in our communications.

"I think the State of Wisconsin is more powerful than the demonstrators."

There are some of those demands which can only be met by faculty action: programs, courses, curricula. These are faculty matters and we have a committee which has students on it, black students, white students, talking about the curriculum. New degree programs require not only faculty action but approval of the regents' coordinating council and, if they lead to degrees, legislative support. That can't be done by ultimatum, by demands on a chancellor.

And then my law school colleagues tell me that some of the demands are clearly illegal and unconstitutional—that we have laws in this country against discrimination by color that prevent us from insisting that a person holding a particular job be black or white, that there be separatism. This country, and this university, has stood for equality of races and it still stands and *will* stand for that. So we have a serious matter.

On a number of occasions the leaders of this movement—or people who *say* they're leaders—have asked to meet with me. I've already had three appointments cancelled at the last moment. I'd agreed to meet with four members of the black group this morning. They called and said they couldn't meet. I agreed to meet with them last Friday. They didn't show up. Some students believe that I'm unwilling to meet or discuss these matters. I've met and discussed, and met and discussed, and will

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continue to meet and discuss; but meeting and discussing does not imply that I am prepared to violate the procedures of the University, the laws of the state of Wisconsin, or the Constitution of the United States.

I could say a lot more, gentlemen, but I would prefer to respond to questions, so that the public can know what you believe the pertinent issues are here.

Q. Mr. Young, in view of the presence of the Guard on the campus, do you feel that presence tends to hinder and escalate the problem?

No, Let me talk about the Guard; in fact, let me recite the police action. The outside police action started last Saturday. We had a capacity crowd at the field house. Six hundred students—mostly white—marched on the field house after announcing that they intended to break up the basketball game. I got a phone call saying our men couldn't hold the doors much longer. Could they ask for help? I said, "Are they in danger?" They said yes, so the Madison police were called at my instructions. The police came, and I'm told by a large number of people if they'd been two minutes later that crowd would have gotten in there and mixed with the audience and broken up the game, and we would have had riot and bloodshed. The Madison police behaved admirably, our police did. No one was hurt. The game went on and we won the game. And it was a good win, too. The next thing that happened is that the Madison police co-operated here to maintain order, always in numbers large enough so no policemen could be threatened. The problem of a crowd and police involvements in violence very often hinges around the number of policemen. Two or three policemen, surrounded by a large mob pushing them, strike back to protect themselves. We want enough people around so that doesn't happen, if it can be helped. After two days of being chased around, taunted, provoked, the police are getting tired. We decided the situation was a very serious one and that rather than having tired police, exhausted police, responding to large numbers of people pushing them around, blocking doors, we'd get help. In some states we would have called the state police. There's no state police in Wisconsin to call. The National Guard substitutes for that. These are citizens. We ask them to leave their jobs, their homes, to come here on short notice, to allow those who want to go to school to go. I'm getting a great many letters, telephone calls: "Why do you let people stop us from going to school?" And the answer is we're going to keep the university open and we're going to keep it available to those who want to go to school. So the National Guard provoked some people. Any policemen provoke some people, because if they want to run over the university and destroy it, the police get in the way. Well, the police have behaved beautifully, admirably, and I'm proud of them, and of the guard too.

Q. Despite the number of Guardsmen and police on campus right now, it's still apparent that normal university functions are not going on. But there are classes being held. What additional steps are being planned?

We'll keep on doing whatever's necessary until the whole resources of the state of Wisconsin are involved. When we're right, we know we're right; we believe in enforcing the law to protect the students, to protect all of us—even to protect the protestors, because yesterday when we didn't have enough police, there were fights between students. We don't want that.

Q. Are you considering calling in more Guardsmen?

The number of Guardsmen is an issue for the Guards and Commanders to decide. They'll advise me and the governor what they need, and the decision will be made on the basis of need.

Q. Do you think it was wise that the Guardsmen fixed their bayonets this afternoon on University Avenue and marched through the crowd? (See cover.)

I wasn't there. I don't know what the situation was. It depends on what the crowd was doing and other circumstances. If a lot of people were hurt, I would think it might have been a mistake. If as a result of that the road was cleared and people moved out of the way, and

"Any policemen provoke some people, because if they want to run over the university and destroy it, the police get in the way."

didn't get in bodily contact, perhaps it was a good thing. But this is a tactical matter. Those Guardsmen are fathers, brothers of students at this university and *they* care as much as you and I care about every one of our students—more than some people care.

Q. There's been a lot of comment about the fact that outside county police were called in and these police are not adequately trained to handle the kind of crowd conditions at the University. People are saying that more Guardsmen should be brought in to replace the outside county police brought here under this mutual aid pact. What's your comment about that?

My comment about that is that there is a set of laws or regulations established, over which I have no control, which says that when local police cannot contain a crowd they call for mutual assistance and only after the mutual assistance has been called may they ask for the Guards. This is a series of events over which we have no control.

Q. What university functions are not functioning because of the students?

Well my class is tomorrow; that's not being interrupted—I teach on Thursdays. I don't know. You see, I'm not

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going around personally taking attendance. A lot of students are going to class. One thing that some citizens and reporters forget from their student days is that at any given time, more than half of the students are not in classes because they only go to classes 15 to 20 hours a week, and the rest of the time they are studying or observing or walking back and forth. So some of the people outside are not demonstrating. Some of them are curious students. One of the things we've failed to do is to make clear to students sympathetic to the needs of black students that we are doing so much for them, but they've been told we're not and they've been told by people they believe and who've misled them, and this is part of our problem. We haven't done a good job. We have tried. The policy of the administration has been: Do everything you promise; but do *more* than you promise, rather than promise more and do less. Sometimes the propaganda is more important than the deed, it appears.

Q. If large numbers of teachers' assistants continue to support the strike, would that not jeopardize the operation of classes?

Oh, lots of things can jeopardize it, but our duty is to make it possible for those who want to study and teach to study and teach—and we'll do it.

Q. What's the present situation with the black leaders? Has there been any bending toward saying that maybe the demands are no longer non-negotiable? What's the situation as of now with your communication with the black leaders?

It's very difficult to find out who the black leaders are because the ones who purport to be change from minute to minute. Appointments made at one time turn out to be other people. The black students are divided. Many of them are not supporting this strike and these demands, so that the public shouldn't believe that it's blacks against the university. It's *some* black students and *some* white students against the university.

Q. Do you have information that today's tactics and leadership of today's attempts at disruption have been taken over by white students from blacks, or is that just another one of the rumors?

I think the newspaper people would know better than I would. I really don't know. You see, if you look around outside you can see a variety of people. I hear rumors as you do, rumors that the black students are no longer working with the SDS, and rumors that they are and rumors that they're not. It's a very confused matter.

Q. I'm a student and I'm in sympathy with the black demands, but I think we see a trend here. On Saturday with no police called to the campus we saw six hundred demonstrators. Yesterday, after the police were called to the central campus, there were between 1200 and 1500 demonstrators. Today after the National Guard has been called there are at least 4000 people demonstrating. What do you have to say about this?

I have to say that we did exactly the right thing; 600 could have had a riot in the field house—they were intent upon it—and we stopped it. And we'll stop it and stop it and stop it.

Q. What is President Harrington's role in this? Is he still in Washington?

President Harrington is on his way to Milwaukee right now. He's been in Madison and he is backing everything I'm doing. Completely. He's fully informed.

Q. What kinds of pressure are you getting from the legislature?

None, directly. I read the papers. I'm sure the legislature is very concerned. They represent the taxpayers of the state of Wisconsin. Those are the people we'll be asking for money for scholarships for black students and more professors, and if I were cynical and wanted to prevent black students in increasing numbers from coming here I'd demonstrate to the legislature that this university doesn't know how to handle its affairs.

Q. The assembly voted this morning that you expel all students (involved in the demonstrations). How will these cases be handled?

I don't know about the legislation. I'm sure that whatever's done will be done legally and constitutionally. A student—whether he agrees with me or not, he's a citizen, he has Constitutional rights and he has rights as a student and they're going to be protected.

Q. Are you sticking by your earlier statement about not granting amnesty to those who would be arrested?

I can't. I have no authority to grant amnesty to people who violate the law. If I told the district attorney that well, this man's a student and I've agreed to grant amnesty in the fact that he hit a policeman and you should forget about it . . . I can't do that. I have no authority to grant amnesty. This would be the most illegal and unconstitutional thing that I could do, to say that I could waive the rules of the faculty, the regents, and the state legislature; so granting amnesty is meaningless. And the black students know this and the white students know it. There's nothing about granting amnesty in advance for anything that anybody does. How can you do that? I mean, it's like asking me to repeal the Constitution. Some people have asked me to do that and practically throw everybody out of school. I don't have the authority.

Q. There's a rumor going around regarding the supposed

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logrolling between Governor Knowles and President Harrington about the supposed decision not to let five Oshkosh students—five black students—enter if the TA (teaching assistant) bill is vetoed—the TA wage bill.

Obviously I can't tell you what President Harrington said to Governor Knowles and vice versa. But I don't believe it, and I think I would know about it if it existed. But I might not. I can't imagine either of those men—I know them both very well—doing such a thing. So I don't believe it.

Q. Do you expect that there will be suspensions or expulsions?

Well, I wouldn't be surprised. If you find people who are violating our rules that we catch and identify, you may be sure that charges will be brought against them. There's no alternative.

Q. There haven't been any so far, have there? Suspensions or expulsions this past week?

We have a hearing committee and we bring charges before that committee.

Q. Have there been any charges brought yet?

I don't know. If they're prepared, and as fast as we get cases, we'll bring them. We won't overlook them. If anybody feels he's been overlooked, because he's done something, let him report in. We'll help him.

Q. Are you aware, sir, of any outsiders on campus?

The National Guard . . . There are always outsiders on campus. Every day of the year there are outsiders on campus. If you mean non-students. Former students. I understand one of our very notorious former students is around shouting. There are all kinds of rumors about people coming from outside, but every year there are a million visitors to Madison primarily because of the campus. By the way, one of the outsiders on campus today is a distinguished black professor from another university who is being interviewed for a position here.

Q. What does he think about all this?

Well, he thinks that some of the behavior is less than legal and desirable.

Q. Would you identify him?

No. In order to protect him. You may have seen him around, but I don't think it would be fair to him to identify him. Somebody might try to persuade him this is not a good place to be.

Q. Given that the demonstrations proceed in numbers as they have been through Saturday and Monday, to what extent will the university stay open? Given that the demonstrations may get larger and larger and probably become more intense.

Oh, it will stay open. I think the state of Wisconsin is more powerful than the demonstrators.

(Three more brief questions, establishing that the interview with the visiting black professor was not connected either with the demonstration or the University's Black Studies program, were asked; the press conference then concluded.)

At Brandeis, the January seizure of Ford Hall was tied to the black students' desire "to create an education harmonious with their culture and heritage, as had the Jews before them." The result—bloodless, but a "standoff"—is assessed by two directors of dormitories at the Massachusetts school.

d. w. light, jr., & david feldman*

BLACK AND WHITE AT BRANDEIS

Even a passing knowledge of the conflicts at universities during the 1968-1969 academic year reveals that the deep problems which led to the black crisis at Brandeis University are shared by many schools across the country. The protest and eleven-day occupation of a building at so "liberal" an institution as Brandeis reflects neither that the black students lack perspective nor that Brandeis mistreated them, but rather that black students retain a different perspective from the institutions which recruit them.

Last fall, black children of the ghettos arrived in

*With special thanks to Bunnie Feldman.

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droves at hundreds of campuses. Administrators offered them fine white educations, first-rate white cultural opportunities, and lots of seed money to spawn successful futures in American life. Many institutions also organized special remedial programs for blacks who lacked sufficient educational backgrounds but who looked like good risks. It was, as the language implies, a business proposition: an investment by educational leaders across the nation to get young blacks off the streets and onto the campus. Today many of us ask why these students protest, demonstrate, and disrupt such institutions of opportunity. In years past, many an ethnic child has thrilled at the promise of an advanced education, working diligently—and silently—to achieve one.

When young blacks began their occupation of an administration building this past January eighth, Brandeis President Morris B. Abram was as perplexed as many Americans. "I can say unequivocably [*sic*] that this was the first time that I had heard of these demands," he said. "My ignorance was not, I regret, due to any lack of the opportunity for communication. My door has, and always will, remain open . . . ." His statement went on to reiterate all the University's accomplishments and efforts on behalf of its black students.

In the spring of the previous year, Brandeis had reacted to the death of Martin Luther King with deep compassion followed by action. At that time, the Afro-American Society proposed a series of reforms including the following:

—an Afro-American Studies Department;
—more black professors;
—increased enrollment of black students to at least ten per cent of the student population by 1970, and year-round recruiting;
—employment of a black advisor for the black students;
—five Martin Luther King scholarships;
—increased employment of black people in all positions within the university;
—more black students from Latin and African countries.

Other demands aimed to involve the University in the black community by first providing a standing fund to be used by black agencies in the Boston ghetto of Roxbury, by sponsoring a Community Action Program in Roxbury, and finally by supplying fellowships for advanced training to black teachers in the ghetto.

The University began immediately to implement many of these demands, satisfying black students whose Society had gained sudden prominence and success. Thus, unlike the aftermath of Dr. King's assassination at Columbia and elsewhere, a crisis had been forestalled through negotiated agreement and action.

During the late spring and summer, old black students at Brandeis recruited their soul brothers and sisters. By the fall of 1968, sixty-five black undergraduates and twenty-two graduate students enrolled at Brandeis, as opposed to forty-five black undergraduates the year before —a jump to 3.5% of the 2,000 undergraduates. Administrators established special programs for the summer and regular academic year for "high-risk" students. The University also set up its Transitional Year Program (TYP), bringing in twenty-three black and three white students who had the potential to do college work, but who lacked educational background. As designed, TYP students

would study for one pre-college year to bring them up to par, and then they would either enter Brandeis as regular students or be helped to enter other colleges.

During the fall of 1968, the 110 new and returning black students at Brandeis experienced a cultural change common to blacks at many campuses. So did white students. For the first time, the Brandeis community found itself with a distinct subculture. Both blacks and whites began to experience a strain resulting from the sense of alienation and irrelevance which many blacks experience in a white institution. Both groups felt blacks talked and dressed in different ways. They preferred different foods, and even their dating habits varied from those of whites. As one black student later remarked, "I never went out with girls in Roxbury. They took me out. I was different there. Here . . . I haven't had a date since I came to Brandeis. I don't know, man. The whole thing's different here. Girls expect different things."

Even educational expectations varied. Brandeis is an institution whose graduates go to law, medical and business schools, or they seek a broad, personal experience in the liberal arts. A great number of the blacks, on the other hand, expect an education which will enable them to contribute to black life. To them, the goals of Brandeis students appear self-centered and indulgent. Some blacks also experienced awkwardness amidst highly verbal students. One black said to his professor, "You talk too fast, and you speak funny." Blacks seemed both

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in awe and disdainful of white students' lengthy deliberations over burning issues without taking action.

While the cultural differences that many blacks experienced at Brandeis may be similar to differences at any university, the ethnic character of Brandeis accentuated them. Wealthy American Jews support Brandeis, and faculty and students come from cushioned Jewish backgrounds. The dining halls offer Kosher food, and students can major in Judaic studies. (However, at no time during the crisis did participants accuse each other of black anti-Semitism or of Jewish racism. The protest was drawn in black and white.) Instead of thinking they had it made, the black students' ambivalence about having come to Brandeis was heightened by these cultural and institutional difficulties. Had they, after all, sold out by taking white man's money? One student after a visit home said, "I go back there now, man, and they all yell at me for using twenty-dollar words."

Tensions turned to friction early in the fall when black students pressed for an autonomous Afro-American and African Studies Department. A concentration in Afro-American Studies, staffed mostly by white faculty members from already existing departments, had been established. The blacks found the courses to be partly irrelevant and their number to be inadequate; they asked for an autonomous department with its own budget.

Black students, then, were attempting to create an education harmonious with their culture and heritage, as had the Jews before them. University officials, however, said that the creation of a new department would be judged solely on academic grounds. They did not see the need for a new department. Likewise, the faculty had no reason for establishing an Afro department—except that 110 students were clamoring for one.

Perhaps one can understand why black students felt alien and isolated, but why did they find it necessary to take over a building?

By January, 1969, despite previous experience with a sympathetic administration, the black students concluded that a number of conditions essential to their education and sense of dignity did not exist and were not forthcoming. For example, in April, 1968, the University had agreed to a program of year-round recruitment of black students, headed by a black director. This program was not organized; no black director had been hired, despite available candidates. Blacks also wanted the program to have its own selection board composed of black students, but President Abram said that the admissions office would continue to screen all candidates.

" 'I go back home now, man, and they all yell at me for using twenty-dollar words.' "

The University and the Afro-American Society had also agreed in April, 1968, that black professors would be hired. Little hiring had resulted, and blacks said that qualified candidates existed who were not being considered. They complained that the University overlooked competent, though not nationally known, scholars and teachers who did not have advanced degrees. Moreover, the frustrated black students soon escalated their demands, asking for the right to select the chairman of their proposed Afro-American Studies Department.

Ten Martin Luther King scholarships had been created instead of the five demanded the previous April, but they soon became tainted. The first *Brandeis Black Bulletin* stated that these special scholarships were a "farce" because their intent, " . . . to enable ghetto students to have an education which they could apply to improve their home conditions . . . , " had been lost by their awarding to students already receiving assistance. Additionally, the Afro Society claimed that no satisfactory response came from their demand for recruiting black foreign students.

In sum, members of the Afro-American Society felt that the University had broken promises and had demonstrated bad faith. They also felt that new needs which evolved in the fall had not been fulfilled. These included a black director for the TYP, an Afro-American Center where blacks could congregate, and a Society brochure entitled, "The Black Student at Brandeis." The students wrote an excellent brochure, but they experienced a series of administrative delays, culminating in President Abram's insistence that his portrait be on the cover. Finally, ambiguities over the nature of the Transitional Year Program had arisen in its first trial, and participants did not know by what criteria they were being judged.

These problems illustrate the frustrations which members of the Afro-American Society experienced. In part tension resulted from having different goals; in part the time-consuming machinations of bureaucracy prevented action. It should be no surprise, then, that on January 8, 1969, fifteen members of the Afro-American Society quietly but firmly told the occupants of Ford Hall, which houses the telephone switchboard and computer as well as classrooms and offices, to vacate the building. The programs and complaints outlined above were issued as non-negotiable demands. Almost all other blacks on campus soon joined the occupation.

The University administration responded swiftly. During the crisis, it employed two kinds of strategies which are commonly used, although not always together, by administrations confronting demonstrations. The tactic first used by the Brandeis administrators might be called the "ultimatum strategy," in which an administration marshalls the support of diverse members of the community—both on and off the campus—against the dissidents. Announcing that the University "would not negotiate at the point of a gun," the President quickly obtained a condemnation of the protestors from ninety per cent of faculty present and from the Student Council. Faculty fanned out to discuss their position with the undergraduates. With this support, President Abram set his first ultimatum: after 2:00 p.m. of the second day,

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amnesty would no longer be granted.

This ultimatum strategy—varying in detail from school to school—is the most frequent response of university officials to serious protest and demonstration. While such ultimatums always carry with them the rhetoric of high principle (that the university and the ideals for which it stands are at stake), they are also strategically rigid, and they narrow future alternatives. If one will not negotiate under coercion, talks cease and the situation can worsen. In addition, the ultimatum strategy often heightens the sense of alienation felt by protestors and stiffens their resistance to bargain at the higher price.

By the third day, President Abram, sensing the cost of a show-down (police, fires, off-campus black brigades), turned to a second strategy, the *stand-off*. (First developed at Chicago, the stand-off is analyzed by D. W. Light in *Black Power and Student Rebellion*, edited by J. McEvoy and A. Miller, Wadsworth Press, 1969.) The stand-off is a form of passive resistance where the authorities refuse to take action against those resisting, but also refuse to yield to the demands in hopes of wearing down the dissidents. Moreover, the stand-off allows the administration to satisfy the conflicting demands of parties it represents while retaining flexibility in tactics. Some parties, like the faculty, want no violence, but also want no negotiations under coercion. Stand-off tactics satisfy both wishes. Parties sympathetic with the protestors want no violence and urge immediate negotiations. The stand-off satisfies their first wish, and implies negotiations through informal talks. Other groups not only oppose negotiation, but also want the protesters forcibly ejected. The stand-off likewise satisfies their first wish, while implying that the university will not be intimidated.

The reasonable stance, then, is selectively to do nothing, and that is what Morris B. Abram did. Once the University realized that its survival did not depend on Ford Hall, a temporary telephone switchboard and computer time were easily obtained.

The stand-off worked to the advantage of the administration, because in a protest the more passive party has a certain advantage in persuading others of its cause. The burden of proof falls upon the protesters as members of the university community tire of the sit-in. In effect they say, "We understand your grievances. Now get out of the building and start negotiating." Pressure builds against the protesters, often splitting anxious moderates from cool radicals. Outside, the administration energetically repeats its willingness to talk as soon as the demonstration ends. With time, even protest sympathizers accuse the dissidents of being more interested in demonstrating than in finding a reasonable solution. Capitulation often results, as it did on January 19th when the black occupants left Ford Hall, their demands unfulfilled. One of them said that they went in expecting "either the pigs or [University] capitulation." Neither occurred. The black demonstrators found themselves in a morass of endless talks instead of a show-down. They had not been defeated, but eroded.

Not only were these two administrative strategies dimly understood, but participants often did not appreciate the differences between styles of negotiation. At Brandeis and at many other campuses today, blacks demanded what they thought essential, no more and no less. In contrast to "non-negotiable" demands was the market-place style of negotiation. Used by the Brandeis administration, this style is what most Americans mean by the term negotiation. Each party asks for more than it needs or expects, in anticipation of compromises.

The blacks' approach, insisting that their demands were minimal for a relevant education while asking for no more, had a certain moral honesty, an elegant simplicity from which many blacks gained dignity. Ironically, such a simple style was viewed by "negotiators" as excessively pretentious, even arrogant, while the blacks saw in the administration's shifting positions the familiar duplicity from which they had suffered so long.

Besides the differing tactics and styles of negotiations, a new feature of black confrontations not found in SDS demonstrations is the paradox of white sympathizers. In a black demonstration, sympathetic whites can neither join the blacks directly nor make a major effort of their own without contaminating the racial character of the protest. This pattern contrasts with non-racial protests, where fluid lines blur groups of different involvement so that the central demonstration can expand or contract drastically.

During the occupation of Ford Hall, over two hundred white students constantly met in another building nearby to voice their support of the blacks. Their presence

"More than most of us, blacks know the distance between promise and reality."

may have tempered President Abram's action towards the blacks and counterbalanced strong pressures from some faculty and donors to rout the protesters. Often a suggested demonstration by these white students was voted down, partly to avoid detracting from the blacks' efforts. Near the end of the crisis, a group of radicals called for a strike, but few students participated.

The presence of active supporters outside the demonstration changes the basic two-party character of many protests. Besides being a tempering force *per se*, the white sympathizers at Brandeis served as an important communication link between the blacks inside Ford Hall and the rest of the University. Isolating tactics became more subtle, and President Abram later said that he tried to separate the white supporters from the blacks. He succeeded for a time by persuading white students of his good faith.

When the Ford Hall crisis finally ended, President Abram announced that all parties had shown their deep

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faith in reason and academic freedom. Surely, these were two beliefs on which all parties could *not* agree. As in many other institutions in America, the blacks had left the building for reasons of power, not principle. They had lost the battle of attrition, and now would have to fight the war on other fronts.

In the longer view, the crisis at Brandeis University revealed four enduring issues, issues which resonate in other universities. First is the issue of academic freedom. Presently, academic freedom belongs to faculty. University conflicts of the past year suggest a new view, that it is a property to be divided. Faculty meetings reached hysterical peaks over the threat to academic freedom represented by the demand to have black students help select the chairman of the new Afro-American Studies Department. Some faculty invoked visions of total chaos, as they did this spring at Harvard. This issue is far from settled.

Another continuing problem comes from the failure of many administrators and faculty to realize how intertwined are ends and means. At Brandeis, the faculty resolution of January 8th condemned the black sit-in but said nothing about the blacks' demands. Faculties usually condemn coercive tactics by the aggrieved party and demand that no negotiations take place at that time. Yet, as in the case of Brandeis, they often approve of the goals the protesters seek. Blacks especially see this separation of ends from means as one of the white man's most enduring forms of hedging.

A third enduring issue is the choice between history and principle. At faculty meetings and in editorial columns, reason, that rather battered victim of recent times (or has it been longer?), is constantly invoked. A teacher asked, "Should any minority group which cannot get its way have the right to force its position on the majority?" Such principled reasoning contrasts with history, which indicates that it is not *any* minority group, or any "way" but *black* Americans at *this* time in a *particular* university demanding *specific* powers. The particulars of history will continue to complicate the simplicity of principles.

Finally, the issue of what is legal and what is illegal takes a similar shape. We more privileged citizens are slowly learning that what is lawful is not necessarily just. More complex, legal reasoning is not the wedding of logic to principle, but works by analogy and extension. Likewise, at the scene of action, the degree and type of illegality—for the matter is never open and shut—is defined by those present on ground far more complex than reason and principle. Every month in this country, political man recasts definitions of legality.

The peace at Brandeis and many other universities is an unsettled one. Its bitter presence has left the blacks no assurance that the conditions they seek will be satisfied. (For the University's account of *its* efforts, see "The Eleven Days at Brandeis - As Seen From the President's Chair," by Morris B. Abram, *The New York Times Sunday Magazine*, February 16, 1969.) For example, the blacks compromised on the selection of a chairman for the new Afro-American Department by agreeing to share the selection committee membership with administrators and invited black scholars. Then the Dean of Faculty announced that this "selection committee" would merely *suggest* candidates to the University. More than most of us, blacks know the distance between promise and reality.

HELEN SORRELLS

LETTER FROM GREENWOOD COUNTY

Wheat will speak for me, and rye
and the old Leghorn hen.
I asked of them who I was
and if I should leave this country
and when.
Grain gave me no answer, nor fowl,
so I asked in the town
of a lover or two, and a child
and a preaching man.
Never mind how they taught me
they didn't know.

When I leave the farm
all country things stay here.
I bring you no cordials, no wines
from a vintage year.
The springhouse door is closed
on crocks of cream
cooling like crowns on the stones
of Greenwood stream.
I have wrung you no pride of my flock,
picked no garnish for tea,
and the oven is cold as I'd never
believed it could be.

I shall leave the quilts with dreams
of love stitched in,
and I come as myself,
neither lover nor next of kin.

Oh, there was a day —
but bloom on the bayberry tree
is years away.

I shall wear white gloves and a scent
and a city hat
and you may not relish my coming
for any of that.

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The murder of Martin Luther King, Jr., began at Duke University "the year of the vigil" which ended with the February occupation of the school's administration building. Thomas Rainey is a teacher of history, and Miss Small is a 1968 honors graduate of Duke; together they describe the events that followed, and the discontent that endures.

thomas b. rainey & bunny small

THE DUKE CRISIS: "IT AIN'T OVER"

For years university officials and faculty members chortled condescendingly as their students romped across the greensward in search of fun and frolic. Some complained of student apathy and urged their charges to consider those great humanistic ideals which would help them reshape our violent and chaotic world. Many, however, were secretly delighted. With their students distracted by trivialities, they could administer or devote their energies to such vital efforts as "The Transfer of Ions Across the Left Testicle of the Great European Rat" or "The Impact of Shell Architecture on the Culture of Eastern North Carolina, 1903-1910." Thus one advanced oneself another rung on the ladder of academic irrelevancy.

What has happened now that students demand more than longer visiting hours in coed rooms? How do those who espoused the great ideals respond when their students ask them to join in requiring the university to manifest those ideals in concrete action? And what do faculty and administrators do when they realize that demands for reform threaten their own prerogatives? All too frequently academicians ignore their visions of an ideal world and give their full support to the university officials who "protect the university" by forcing the trouble-making students back into the classroom for more grey mush or driving them off the campus altogether. Such actions prove what many suspected all along—that the university is not an island of freedom where one can rationally consider all alternative solutions to intellectual and societal problems, but is rather the recruiting and educational agency of the corporate structure.

Corporate interests directly control the university through boards of directors or trustees. In both private and state universities these self-perpetuating governing bodies are chosen from the business world outside the university with the avowed purpose of providing a "larger perspective." Actually, they assume the responsibility of funding the increasingly heavy cost of higher education and of assuring that the money is spent in a manner consistent with the priorities of the corporation. (Studies of the Duke and Columbia boards reveal that the men who hold ultimate power come from the top levels of the industrial-communications complex.)

Under the watchful eyes of its business-oriented rulers the university performs several functions vital to their interests. Modern industry increasingly requires more-specialized training for those who will someday manage its structure. The university both trains skilled manpower and acts as a screening device which initially stratifies the leaders and the followers. The university also functions as a knowledge bank for other institutions. In order to insure economic growth and technological progress, the university engages in basic research of applied and theoretical natures. And, finally, the university continues the socialization process by defining values, goals, and even consciousness. It provides an educational structure, in other words, which inculcates acceptable values in those who will one day have the power to perpetuate the existing system.

But a serpent lurks in the academic grove so carefully cultivated by the corporate structure. The university trains students who come from the privileged group itself and sends them out to control other elements of American society through the means of production and consumption. In order to complete this training with maximum efficiency, however, the university is so struc-

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tured that students are almost totally controlled or channeled into harmless fun and games. The student remains in the apprentice relationship for just a brief period, but long enough for the more sensitive souls to identify their position of temporary "Niggerhood" with that of the socially and economically deprived. They develop, as it were, a vicarious consciousness of exploitation which confrontation may transform into revolutionary consciousness.

Other tensions within the university prompt students to change the educational system that exploits them. The corporate structure and its governmental arm have placed such informational demands on the university that professors in increasing numbers are leaving the classroom for the laboratory and the study. For this they receive bounteous reward from government- and industry-sponsored financial grants that largely determine the nature of their research. Add to the sense of exploitation a feeling of dehumanization and alienation that a student feels when he gazes down a lecture-hall bank at that tiny little speck called a professor, and you begin to understand what prompts him to carry placards and take buildings.

There exist in the university tensions between rhetoric and practice. In order to insure that people participate in their own exploitation, the university as well as other educational institutions in this society must teach values and understandings of history that all men can find acceptable. "Equality," "freedom now," and "participatory democracy"—these are not slogans freshly devised by student activists. They are symbols of the traditional American dream. Yet the university carries out the needs of that portion of society whose interests are most antithetical to these values. And if students miss this lesson, they note the autocratic nature of university structures which view student demands to participate in the decision-making process as little short of revolutionary. Administrators and professors, who argue at cocktail parties about the relative worth of a "liberal" or "conservative" federal administration, lock shields against their common foe—the student activists demanding participation in the making of decisions that affect their lives.

I

In the spring of 1968 students of Duke University received their first significant lesson in university power relations. Through a demonstration known as the Duke Vigil they discovered that the Board of Trustees actually rules Duke and that the majority of faculty members find this fact neither surprising nor particularly objectionable. Following the assassination of Martin Luther King, several hundred students at Duke demanded that President Douglas Knight and the university community in general take an active role in the struggle for racial equality. Within hours of King's death they particularized their amorphous feelings of shock and despair over this event into two major demands regarding a wage increase (to the national minimum wage) and the right of collective bargaining for the predominantly black non-academic employees of the university. Under the pressure of a brief occupation of the president's home and a five-day silent vigil on the main quadrangle of the university involving over 1500 students, the Board of Trustees granted the wage increase.

The trustees, however, repeatedly refused to consider the pivotal issue of collective bargaining. Blatant protection of local corporate interests, coupled with the fear that collective bargaining might mean the reallocation of power within the university structure, prompted their decision to quash hopes for a non-academic employees' union. To these giants of local and national industry, unions were the enemies of their blood. Men such as the chairman of the board of Burlington Industries, perhaps the largest non-unionized textile complex in the world, had fought unions all their lives. They certainly had no desire to see a union come in through the back door of their university. Thus a "compromise" measure allowing some employee participation has been so structured as to assure continued control by the trustees. Perched at the apex of an extremely complicated labor relations council, the president of the university can veto any program presented by the workers.

The year of the vigil ended with a tenuous calm. But the vigil experience clearly indicated that any demand for revision of the policy-making structure of the university might bring the trustees back on the campus. It taught some students, too, that men whose major interest is profit and not people do not respond to moral, non-violent suasion when this response means the sharing of their decision-making power.

This spring a confrontation between black students and the administration over the question of an Afro-American Studies program brought the campus to the brink of student insurrection. On Thursday morning, February 13, members of the Afro-American Society at Duke occupied the first floor of the administration building. "We seized the building," they noted, "because we have been negotiating with the Duke administration for two-and-a-half years. We have no meaningful results. We have exhausted all the so-called 'proper' channels." To this general statement of purpose the black students appended their basic demands. They asked for the usual Afro-American Studies program, and insisted that any meaningful program reflecting their interests must include black students at every stage of planning and execution. For the black students had realized what the black non-academic employees had already discerned: without active participation as an independent unit, "peaceful negotiations" and "rational discourse" with the corporation-backed Duke administration means that defenders of the status quo will listen to your complaints and then tell you why they will not meet your just requirements.

Whatever the depth of this realization, the events of "Black Thursday" unfolded with the inevitability of a Tolstoian battle scene. It was a bitter cold morning on this southern campus. By late morning almost everyone

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knew of the surprise occupation heralded only by a few rumors accompanying the "Black Is Beautiful" festivities staged the week before by the Afro-American Society. The Student Liberation Front (SLF), a coalition of white radical groups on campus, organized a mass meeting in the ornate, gothic chapel where all shades of student opinion were expressed. In early afternoon white supporters—students and faculty—moved from the chapel, which dominates the campus, to the entrances of the administration building. Tensions grew as word leaked out that the university officials had notified the Duke Hospital adjacent to the main campus to prepare for injuries. According to a contingency plan prepared after the Duke Vigil by the trustees and the administration, the blacks were to be given one hour to get out of the building. At the end of this hour local police were to force their way into the building and remove them by any means necessary. Acting for the president, who was caught by the events at a conference in New York, Provost Marcus Hobbs issued the ultimatum to the black students at 3:25 p.m.

President Knight returned in time to preside over a full faculty meeting which met at 4:00. A majority of faculty members supported the use of force, even though the president admitted under questioning that their deliberations would have no influence on decisions already made. Thus the faculty removed itself from the university's decision-making process and in effect questioned neither the lack of consultation nor the wisdom of using force. The crisis would end without further participation of the general faculty.

"(The trustees) taught some students that men whose major interest is profit . . . do not respond to moral, non-violent suasion . . . ."

As the Duke faculty was voting to support the president, Durham city and North Carolina state police marshalled their forces in Sarah P. Duke Memorial Gardens. (The gardens are separated from the administration building and the main quadrangle by a fine stand of magnolia trees.) The crowd surrounding the building drew some supporters, but composed mostly of curious onlookers and students openly hostile to the blacks. At this juncture the bulk of the crowd shifted to a rear entrance nearest the garden as the rumor spread that the police were on the way. Excitement grew with the departure of the black women from the building five minutes before the expiration of the hour alloted the blacks to cease their occupation.

Shortly thereafter, to the general relief of the crowd, the Afro-American Society ended their occupation. Within minutes the blacks, along with the majority of their sympathizers, moved away from the building. Apparently the crisis had ended without serious confrontation.

Just as the crowd began to disperse, however, the police moved in from the gardens "to secure the building." Fully attired in riot gear they seemed prepared for an imminent "bust." Several had removed their badges—according to one state policeman, so that demonstrators would not be hurt in case of a wrestling match.

The very presence of the police radicalized the situation. A column of state policemen thrust their way through the bystanders and joined their mates at the main entrance of the building. Students pressed back into the area and began to shout the familiar epithets—"*Sieg Heil!*" and "fascist pigs." Some missiles sailed out of the crowd but struck the facade well above the heads of the police. About five minutes after the missile throwing had ceased, a police official walked out of a side entrance and, without specific provocation, ordered his men to "gas 'em." To the eerie hum of a truly diabolical device called a "pepper fogger" the police indiscriminately lobbed canisters of gas into the assemblage of students.

There ensued a 90-minute melee in which several students and police were injured. Students who had been indifferent earlier in the day joined with radicals in the uneven struggle. Back and forth across the main quadrangle moved first the students and then the police. One group of students accompanied by a young faculty member sought sanctuary in the chapel—to no avail. The police opened its huge doors and lobbed in at least one canister of tear gas.

After having exhausted their supply of gas the police retired into the administration building where they were besieged by an angry student crowd of about 2000. Worn out by the affray and numbed from the cold, the students agreed to move away from the building if the police would leave the campus. The police left by a back entrance as the students moved into a campus auditorium, away from the lingering fumes, to consider the events of the day and possible counter measures.

At this meeting Provost Hobbs appeared and tried to explain the position of the administration. To a question concerning the order to gas the students, Hobbs replied that "once you ask the police to come in, they are not subject to your direct jurisdiction—they have to protect themselves." One student summarized the reaction to this pathetically lame explanation: the administration "has just tear gassed us, and then they come down here and say, 'let us reason together.' " With a general agreement to call a boycott of classes, Black Thursday ended.

In the days following the confrontation on the quadrangle, the Afro-American Society, drawing on the advice of a local black leader, Howard Fuller, provided the initiative in structuring negotiations. In general the white students, even members of the inchoate Student Liberation Front, gave only logistical support and, of course, their much-needed warm bodies for mass meetings. Amorphous and badly organized, sympathetic white students constituted at best a potential threat, the exact nature of which was as unknown to the blacks as to the administration. On several occasions Fuller's masterful oratory pumped temporary unity into the mass of white student support, but for the most part it remained un-

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structured and unreliable. The tight security and discipline of the Afro-American Society, on the other hand, would have won the admiration of a Lenin.

Illustrative of the difficulties experienced by the white radical leaders in mustering unified support for the blacks were the events surrounding a protest march on the president's home. Upon receiving word that the president had cancelled a planned convocation to discuss the crisis, radical student leaders staged a counter-convocation to be followed by a march on Knight's home. Midway through the counter-convocation an administration spokesman unexpectedly took the microphone and outlined a series of meaningless concessions granted the blacks preceding the occupation, including the hiring of a black barber in the Duke student union. When Fuller announced that the blacks were marching to the president's home, only about half of the whites followed. At the home, however, Fuller and the black student leaders—with about a thousand sympathetic white students at their back—induced president Knight to begin negotiations.

To date, the differences between the Afro-American Society and the Duke administration have not been resolved. Initial negotiations calmed white student outrage over the gassing because it appeared that the administration was acting in good faith. When the faculty and administration balked on the question of equal participation in planning the black studies program, however, the black leaders withdrew and established the Malcolm X Liberation University. Though they eventually returned to Duke (for reasons known only to them), they have not accepted a planning committee with a proposed 5-3 representation.

II

After the initial stages of confusion, the Duke officials recovered quickly enough to avert disaster. During the February crisis, in fact, the trustees did not have to intervene directly in order to restore calm. From their point of view the contingency plan, worked out in the wake of the Vigil, operated moderately well. This time, in other words, the administration managed to shield the real source of authority in the university from the students. So the giants of industry who rule Duke, having learned their lessons from the Vigil well, worked out a chain of command fast becoming as effective as that at Columbia University.

Yet the administration blundered enough in the eyes of the trustees to prompt a major reshuffling of posts. Apparently, President Knight's decision to negotiate with the blacks angered the more conservative trustees. It is known that Thomas Perkins head of the Duke Endowment and a defender of investments in Dow Chemical Co., led an attack on Knight. As a result the trustees relegated the president to the role of tribute gatherer and put the actual "responsibility of the internal affairs of the university" into the hands of an acting chancellor. Knight has resigned to take a lucrative position in the Radio Corporation of America; Barnes Woodhall has assumed the thorny responsibilities of Acting Chancellor. Woodhall comes from the medical center, which invariably delivers a conservative vote in any general faculty meeting. The administrators and trustees are thus preparing to deal decisively with any future student disorder.

Senior faculty members are obliging with what amounts to a blood purge of vulnerable non-tenured faculty members pressing for a reallocation of power in the university. They have actively encouraged the departure of young radicals in their departments or, as they say, "failed to renew their contracts." With few exceptions, faculty members who actively supported the vigil, the black students, or the Student Liberation Front will not be coming back to Duke next fall.

It is extremely difficult to assess the present mood of the Duke student body. Certainly the majority of those who supported the black students did not clearly understand the political issue which the black action posed. The concept of student participation in decision-making is new to the Duke campus. Student reaction to the use of police force was primarily one of dismay and disillusionment, somewhat allayed when the administration began to negotiate with the Afro-American Society. Only a small percentage of students, concentrated in the Student Liberation Front, realized that fundamental to the dispute over parity in deciding the nature of an Afro-American program was the critical issue of re-evaluating decision-making structures. The intransigence of the administration and faculty over this issue has caused them to question the very basis of authority in the university. A statement made by a key faculty member, that the black students should defer to those "more mature and experienced" than they, emphasized the fact that faculty members hold little respect for students' contributions. Perceiving the inherent paternalism in the attitude which this statement represents, a small but increasing number of Duke students is determined to continue the struggle for student participation in the decisions which shape their educational experience, Finally, with respect to tactics and political methodology, some white students at Duke have discovered what the black man means when he says: "You don't get nothin' from Mr. Charlie 'less you shake his tree."

Many Duke students have thus joined the ranks of campus buntars across the nation. As on other campuses the response of the trustees, faculty, and administrators was at first confused, but is now assuming a definite pattern. When student demands involve internal changes which do not threaten the present power relations within the university, the officialdom may or may not respond—depending frequently on the quality of consultation with respectful student leaders. More enlightened university officials are even attempting to pacify possible insurgents with more lenient social regulations and consultative participation in relatively innocuous academic matters. When the goal of student political activity is to democratize the basic decision-making structures of the university,

(Continued on page 46)

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FREDERICK PLOTKIN

TWO POEMS

I PERSIST, O LORD

I am constantly manufactured, constantly changed by,
fashioned to
what hands, the woods
"our art"
am I the mage, the doctor or
as it seems
my body, the patient
I am in
turning the light
in its variety
through the valley?
The Bride is
the soul and
she waits in her chamber, the body, the woods,
for the spiritual word, her husband
to take her veils
off, the mists, say,
from the water
even the thick of these
words, these woods
have soul
in them, made right
for the spirit, something
from outside
a light
appearing
a distant character
infused
made ready by affinity
and repulsion of opposite
natures.
It offers an experiment:
place a live spider
inside a circle
formed by strips of the skin of
a unicorn
and you will observe
that the spider will not be able to pass
gives little encouragement—
o courageous
who pass
into the ring-pass-not
The water, the Bride, then
The sun, whose warm morning takes
the mist up off of it, Christ
the husband.
I still have trouble with the wording and
who exactly these
characters are, what filth's
supposed to be
why
the flushings of all these mountain toilets
put in since last year
come running it seems from out of the mountains just
when I get up
to breathe—
my air is stopped
through which I cannot pass
but hold to the light
that visibly abounds in it
like any hunter
The clogged air
The mountain rises in it
as if only through the foggy morning
to higher, clearer air
above it,
clouds only,—that simple.
Sewage passes underneath the house, I hear it with the
birds at five a.m.,
earliest and quietest time I am up
passing it seems from right under the mountain
The fog-brained alchemist says, sees
this too:
for the earth is nourished
with stinking dung
and precious fruits
are produced thereby.
The pine light starts
breath of the gods collected

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over the mountain,
the wind
and the sun now in it make
the mist skim
the water
slide over
the cold surface of it, the sunrise
burning tips
of the water mist
have seen the Bride
cleansed of all impurity
in the fiery bath
which enables her to lie in the bridal bed
with her chosen spouse
as honey, he says,
comes indirectly
from the ordure
of beasts
but in another place, by feces it is clear
he means any precipitate
and the light remains
uncertain.
Dung stays dung then.
or does it?
But the brightness, what of the brightness of the
universe beyond our own
We are told the brightness is in truth that of a universe
going at great speed
away from here
and the brighter we discover it is
as time goes on
the closer to not being seen at all.
In darkness do I wander amid the desolation of Thy world
the word, the flesh, is weak in Thy sight
and I am become a sinner within the gates of Zion.
Those shadows—
your white trembling
my flapping wings
in your belly
I walk into your mist
you float into mine
shadows to my shouts
As a rising sun longs to sink at the end of its day
so I in my season long to rest in the peace of Thy bosom.

POEM

beside the river, a wind might cut the face.
a wind might find flesh wanting, might
judge you harshly.
across here, on benches,
toughened mothers wait, a few children
chase a dark hound through the grass.
on the knees of the women, reflected
from the nylon mesh, the sun,
a star with six jagged points.

I walk with a few coins,
buy food. I cut the bread
with a knife. outside
some birds make noise:
there is a stunted tree in the alley;
a few wrens have settled for it.

the slices fall on the table.

walking in a wind, past a river
where branches craze the air
in a harsh ballet,
I would like to know,
where flint might be found,
of which blades can be made,
what wood the best for making shafts?
which way south? over what hills?

PHILIP FRIED

NEIGHBOR, RISE

for Sue

Neighbor, rise with me in twilight;
I speak the rose-blue vanishing,
The waters that dwindle, black.

I know Misfortune looked in, leaning
Upon the sill with potted plants, and I
was the body of the flies that lingered
Over the stain of honey, buzzed and dipped,
Then scattered at random across the fields.

At night I am in my mouths, the dark
Leaves rattling at the throats, and through
the pores of my earth, the winds.

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Though we rarely publish translations, there are times when exceptional poems dictate poetic exceptions. These versions by Mr. Justice are to be included in E. P. Dutton's THE NEW POETRY OF MEXICO, *edited by Mark Strand.*

THREE MEXICAN POETS

TRANSLATED BY DONALD JUSTICE

CARLOS PELLICER (1899-)

ESTUDIOS

I
Relojes descompuestos,
  voluntarios caminos
sobre la música del tiempo.
  Hora y veinte.
Gracias a vuestro
paso
lento,
llego a las citas mucho después
y así me doy todo a las máquinas
gigantescas y translúcidas del silencio.

II
Diez kilómetros sobre la vía
de un tren retrasado.
El paisaje crece
dividido de telegramas.
Las noticias van a tener tiempo
de cambiar de camisa.
La juventud se prolonga diez minutos,
el ojo caza tres sonrisas.
Kilo de panoramas
pagado con el tiempo
que se gana perdiendo.

III
Las horas se adelgazan;
de una salen diez.
Es el trópico,
prodigioso y funesto.
Nadie sabe qué hora es.

STUDIES

I

Clocks out of order,
    willful paths
across the music of time.
    Twenty past.
Thanks to your
slow
pace,
I get to appointments much later
and thus am completely given over
to the gigantic and translucent machines of silence.

II

Ten kilometers down the track
on a train behind schedule.
The landscape gets bigger,
divided by telegrams.
The news is going to have time
to change shirts.
Youth is prolonged ten minutes,
the eye catches three smiles.
A kilo of panoramas
paid for with the time
gained in being lost.

III

The hours grown thin;
out of one come ten.
These are the tropics,
prodigious and sad.
Nobody knows what time it is.

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POEMA PRODIGO

Gracias, ¡ oh trópico!,
porque a la orilla caudalosa
y al ojo constelado
me traes de nuevo el pie del viaje.
(¡ Esquinas de países que anuncian el paisaje!)
En mi casa de las nubes
o bajo el cielo de los árboles,
rodeado de todas las cosas creadas
(oídas espirales del berbiquí mirada),
voy y vengo sin tocar objeto alguno
—poseedor de la puerta y de la llave—
y de la alegre rama del trino.
En la rápida pausa del antílope
se oyen las pausas lentas de la noche,
y en el desnudo torso y en los brazos que reman
tus fuerzas me saludan
brotantes
hacia otra parte siempre nueva.
Gracias,
porque en mis labios de treinta años
has puesto el gusto y el silencio
del fruto y de la flor.
Los grupos de palmeras
me sombrean la sed junto al desierto.
Y el invitado oasis
que brinda el vino siempre de los límites
tiene los labios gruesos de llamarme
y actos de bailarinas en reposo.
Voy en barca
entre arrecifes de granito.
Anclo y salto a una nube de alabastro.
El árbol de la goma
suscita el desbordar.
La hora oblicua se bisela a fondo.
Y yo surgo en el codo del camino
y canto en mí el principio de mi canto
y llego hasta mis labios
y soy mío.
Jocunda fe del trópico,
ojo dodecaedro,
¡ justísimo sudor de no hacer nada!
Y el sabor de la vida de los siglos
y la orilla gentil y el pie del baño
y el poema.

Summer 1969

PRODIGAL POEM

Thank you, oh tropics,
because to flowing shore
and sparkling spring
you lead my travelling foot once more.
(Corners of lands that announce the landscape!)
In my house of clouds
or under the sky roofed in by trees,
surrounded by all created things
(rumorous spirallings of the gimlet eye)
I come and go touching no object
—keeper of gate and key—
and the glad branch of song.
In the brief pause of the antelope
are heard the long pauses of the night,
and with naked torso and a rower's arms
your forces salute me
shooting forth
always in new directions.
Thank you,
because on my lips and their thirty years
you have laid the flavor and the silence
of fruit and flower.
Palm groves
give shade to my thirst beside the desert.
And the welcome oasis
which proffers always the wine of its borders
has lips swollen with calling me
and scenes of dancing girls in repose.
I go by boat
between granite reefs.
I anchor and leap onto an alabaster cloud.
The rubber tree
quickens to overflowing.
The slanting hour is beveled perfectly.
And I come forth in the crook of the path
and I sing in myself the beginning of my song
and I get as far as my lips
and I am mine.
Bright faith of the tropics,
dodecahedron spring—
O this most righteous sweat of doing nothing!
And salt of the life of the ages
and bountiful shore and bathing foot
and poem.

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RAMÓN LÓPEZ VELARDE

HUMILDEMENTE . . .

A mi madre y a mis hermanas

Cuando me sobrevenga
el cansancio del fin,
me iré, como la grulla
del refrán, a mi pueblo,
a arrodillarme entre
las rosas de la Plaza,
los aros de los niños
y los flecos de seda de los tápalos.

A arrodillarme en medio
de una banqueta herbosa,
cuando sacramentando
al reloj de la torre,
de redondel de luto
y manecillas de oro,
al hombre y a la bestia,
al azahar que embriaga
y a los rayos del sol,
aparece en su estufa el Divinísimo.

Abrazado a la luz
de la tarde que borda,
como al hilo de una
apostólica araña,
he de decir mi prez
humillada y humilde,
más que las herraduras
de las mansas acémilas
que conducen al Santo Sacramento.

"Te conozco, Señor,
aunque viajas de incógnito,
y a tu paso de aromas
me quedo sordomudo,
paralítico y ciego,
por gozar tu balsamica presencia.

"Tu carroza sonora
apaga repentina
el breve movimiento,
cual si fuesen las calles
una juguetería
que se quedó sin cuerda.

"Mi prima, con la aguja
en alto, tras sus vidrios,
está inmóvil con un gesto de estatua.

"El cartero aldeano
que trae nuevas del mundo,
se ha hincado en sun balija.

"El húmedo corpiño
de Genoveva, puesto
a secar, ya no baila
arriba del tejado.

"La gallina y sus pollos
pintados de granizo
interrumpen su fábula.

"La frente de don Blas
petrificóse junto
a la hinchada baldosa
que agrietan las raíces de los fresnos.

"Las naranjas cesaron
de crecer, y yo apenas
si palpito a tus ojos
para poder vivir este minuto.

"Señor, mi temerario
corazón que buscaba
arrogantes quimeras,
se anonada y te grita
que yo soy tu juguete agradecido.

"Porque me acompasaste
en el pecho un imán
de figura de trébol
y apasionada tinta de amapola.

"Pero ese mismo imán
es humilde y oculto,
como el peine imantado
con que las señoritas
levantan alfileres
y electrizan su pelo en la penumbra.

"Señor, este juguete
de corazón de imán,
te ama y te confiesa
con el íntimo ardor
de la raíz que empuja
y agrieta las baldosas seculares.

"Todo está de rodillas
y en el polvo las frentes;
mi vida es la amapola
pasional, y su tallo
doblégase efusivo
para morir debajo de tus ruedas".

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RAMÓN LÓPEZ VELARDE (1888-1921)

HUMBLY

to my mother and my sisters

When the last weariness
comes over me,
I shall go to my village,
like the crane in the story,
to kneel among
the roses in the plaza,
the hoops of the children
and the silk fringes of the shawls.

To kneel in the midst
of a grassy banquet
when, hallowing all—
the belfry clock
with mourning face
and little gold hands,
and man and beast,
and the dizzying blossom
of orange and of lemon,
and the rays of the sun—
appears in his carriage the Most High.

Entwined in the light
the afternoon weaves,
as in some apostolical
spider's thread,
I must speak of my worth,
humbled and humble,
more so than the shoes
of the docile mules
on the way to the Blessed Sacrament.

"I know you, Lord,
though you go in disguise,
and your scented tread
leaves me deaf and dumb,
palsied and blind,
for joy of your balsamic presence.

"Your sounding chariot
stifles at once
the brief commotion,
as though the streets
had been filled with puppets
without their strings.

"My cousin, her needle poised,
back of her window-glass,
stands in a statuesque pose, transfixed.

"The village postman,
who brings news of the world,
has knelt on his mailbag.

"Genevieve's damp corset,
hung out to dry,
no longer dances
above the shed.

"The white-speckled hen
and her brood of chicks
cut short their fable.

"The brow of Don Blas
grew petrified next
to the buckled flagstone
split apart by the roots of the ashtrees.

"The oranges stopped growing,
and I scarcely,
before your gaze,
throb with the power to live through this moment.

"Lord, my rash heart
that went in search of
proud chimeras,
abases itself
and cries out that I am your grateful puppet.

"Because in my breast
you fixed a magnet
with the shape of a clover
and the passionate color of a poppy.

"But that very magnet
is humble and hidden,
like the magnetized comb
with which young ladies
lift hairpins up
and electrify their hair in the lamplight.

"Lord, this puppet
with magnet heart
loves and confesses you
with the intimate warmth
of the root pushing up
and splitting apart the ancient flagstones.

"All are kneeling,
their brows in the dust;
and my life is
the passional poppy,
whose stem bends down,
effusive, to die beneath your wheels."

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EL SUEÑO DE LOS GUANTES NEGROS

Soñé que la ciudad estaba dentro
del más bien muerto de los mares muertos.
Era una madrugada del invierno
y lloviznaban gotas de silencio.

No más señal viviente, que los ecos
de una llamada a misa, en el misterio
de una capilla oceánica, a lo lejos.

De súbito me sales al encuentro,
resucitada y con tus guantes negros.

Para volar a ti, le dio su vuelo
el Espíritu Santo a mi esqueleto.

Al sujetarme con tus guantes negros
me atrajiste al océano de tu seno,
y nuestras cuatro manos se reunieron
en medio de tu pecho y de mi pecho,
como si fueran los cuatro cimientos
de la fábrica de los universos.

¿Conservabas tu carne en cada hueso?
El enigma de amor se veló entero
en la prudencia de tus guantes negros.

¡Oh, prisionera del valle de México!
Mi carne . . .[1] de tu ser perfecto
quedarán ya huesos en mis huesos;
y el traje, el traje aquel, con que tu cuerpo
fue sepultado en el valle de México;
y el figurín aquel, de pardo género
que compraste en un viaje de recreo . . .

Pero en la madrugada de mi sueño,
nuestras manos, en un circuito eterno
la vida apocalíptica vivieron.

Un fuerte . . . como en un sueño,
libre como cometa, y en su vuelo
la ceniza y . . . del cementerio
gusté cual rosa . . .

[1] Los puntos suspensivos indican palabra ilegibles en el original.

THE DREAM OF THE BLACK GLOVES

I dreamed the city lay within
the very deadest of dead seas.
It was an early winter morning
and drops of silence drizzled down.

No sign of life but for the echoes
of mass-bells tolling for some rite
in an oceanic chapel, far away.

Suddenly you come out to meet me,
brought back to life and wearing your black gloves.

That I might fly to you, the Holy Ghost
lent to my skeleton His wings.

Holding me fast with your black gloves,
you lured me to the ocean of your breast,
and our four hands were reunited
midway between your bosom and my own,
as if they were the four foundations
supporting the framework of the galaxies.

Your flesh, was it preserved upon each bone?
The dark question of love was guarded by
the total prudence of your black gloves.

Oh, prisoner of the valley of Mexico!
My flesh . . . of your perfection
will remain now bone of my bone;
and the dress, that dress, in which your body
was laid to rest in the valley of Mexico;
and that dress-model, made of some dark stuff
you picked up on a pleasure trip . . .

But in the early morning of my dream,
our hands, on an eternal circuit,
lived the apocalyptic life.

A strong . . . as though in a dream,
free as a comet, and upon its flight
the ashes and . . . of the cemetery
seemed pleasing to me as a rose . . .

**Note: the ellipses indicate passages illegible in the original text.*

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CEMENTERIO EN LA NIEVE

A nada puede compararse un cementerio en la nieve.
¿Qué nombre dar a la blancura sobre lo blanco?
El cielo ha dejado caer insensibles piedras de nieve
sobre las tumbas,
y ya no queda sino la nieve sobre la nieve
como la mano sobre sí misma eternamente posada.

Los pájaros prefieren atravesar el cielo,
herir los invisibles corredores del aire
para dejar sola la nieve,
que es como dejarla intacta,
que es como dejarla nieve.

Porque no basta decir que un cementerio en la nieve
es como un sueño sin sueños
ni como unos ojos en blanco.

Si algo tiene de un cuerpo insensible y dormido,
de la caída de un silencio sobre otro
y de la blanca persistencia del olvido,
¡a nada puede compararse un cementerio en la nieve!

Porque la nieve es sobre todo silenciosa,
más silenciosa aún sobre las losas exangües:
labios que ya no pueden decir una palabra.

CEMETERY IN THE SNOW

Nothing is like a cemetery in the snow.
What name is there for the whiteness upon the white?
The sky has let down insensible stones of snow
upon the tombs,
and all that is left now is snow upon snow
like a hand settled on itself forever.

Birds prefer to cut through the sky,
to wound the invisible corridors of the air
so as to leave the snow alone,
which is to leave it intact,
which is to leave it snow.

Because it is not enough to say that a cemetery in the snow
is like a sleep without dreams
or like a few blank eyes.

Though it is something like an insensible and sleeping body,
like one silence fallen upon another
and like the white persistence of oblivion,
nothing is like a cemetery in the snow!

Because the snow is above all silent,
more silent still upon bloodless slabs:
lips that can no longer say a word.

NOCTURNO DE LA ESTATUA

a Agustin Lazo

Soñar, soñar la noche, la calle, la escalera
y el grito de la estatua desdoblando la esquina.
Correr hacia la estatua y encontrar sólo el grito,
querer tocar el grito y sólo hallar el eco,
querer asir el eco y encontrar sólo el muro
y correr hacia el muro y tocar un espejo.
Hallar en el espejo la estatua asesinada,
sacarla de la sangre de su sombra,
vestirla en un cerrar de ojos,
acariciarla como a una hermana imprevista
y jugar con las fichas de sus dedos
y contar a su oreja cien veces cien cien veces
hasta oírla decir: "estoy muerta de sueño".

NOCTURNE OF THE STATUE

to Agustin Lazo

To dream, to dream the night, the street, the stair
and the cry of the statue turning back at the corner.
To run toward the statue and to meet the cry only,
to want to touch the cry and only find the echo,
to want to seize the echo and to meet the wall only,
and to run toward the wall and touch a mirror.
To find the statue murdered in the mirror,
to draw it forth from the blood of its shadow,
to dress it, closing the eyes,
to caress it like a sister not foreseen,
and to ply the ends of its fingers
and to count in its ear a hundred times a hundred hundred times
until one hears it say: "I am dying of dreams."

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NOCTURNA ROSA

a José Gorostiza

Yo también hablo de la rosa.
Pero mi rosa no es la rosa fría
ni la de piel de niño,
ni la rosa que gira
tan lentamente que su movimiento
es una misteriosa forma de la quietud.

No es la rosa sedienta,
ni la sangrante llaga,
ni la rosa coronada de espinas,
ni la rosa de la resurrección.

No es la rosa de pétalos desnudos,
ni la rosa encerada,
ni la llama de seda,
ni tampoco la rosa llamarada.

No es la rosa veleta,
ni la úlcera secreta,
ni la rosa puntual que da la hora,
ni la brújula rosa marinera.

No, no es la rosa rosa
sino la rosa increada,
la sumergida rosa,
la nocturna,
la rosa inmaterial,
la rosa hueca.

Es la rosa del tacto en las tinieblas,
es la rosa que avanza enardecida,
la rosa de rosadas uñas,
la rosa yema de los dedos ávidos,
la rosa digital,
la rosa ciega.

Es la rosa moldura del oído,
la rosa oreja,
la espiral del ruido,
la rosa concha siempre abandonada
en la más alta espuma de la almohada.

Es la rosa encarnada de la boca,
la rosa que habla despierta
como si estuviera dormida.
Es la rosa entreabierta
de la que mana sombra,

ROSE NOCTURNAL

to José Gorostiza

I too speak of the rose.
But my rose is neither the cold rose
nor the rose in a child's skin,
nor the rose which turns
so slowly that its motion
is a mysterious form of stillness.

It is not the thirsty rose,
nor the wound bleeding,
nor the rose crowned with thorns,
nor the rose of the resurrection.

It is not the rose with naked petals,
nor the wax rose,
nor the silken flame,
nor yet the quick-blushing rose.

It is not the banner rose,
nor the secret garden rot,
nor the punctual rose telling the hour,
nor the compass rose of the mariner.

No, it is not the rose rose
but the uncreated rose,
the rose submerged,
the nocturnal,
the unsubstantial rose,
the void rose.

It is the rose of touch in darkness,
it is the rose that comes forward inflamed,
the rose of rosy nails,
the bud rose of eager fingertips,
the digital rose,
the blind rose.

It is the molded rose of hearing,
the ear rose,
the noise's spiral,
the shell rose always left behind
in the loudest surf of the pillow.

It is the fleshed rose of the mouth,
the rose that, waking, speaks
as though it were sleeping.
It is the half-open rose
from out of which pours shade,

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la rosa entraña
que se pliega y expande
evocada, invocada, abocada,
es la rosa labial,
la rosa herida.

Es la rosa que abre los párpados,
la rosa vigilante, desvelada,
la rosa del insomnio desojada.

Es la rosa del humo,
la rosa de ceniza,
la negra rosa de carbón diamante
que silenciosa horada las tinieblas
y no ocupa lugar en el espacio.

the entrail rose
that folds up and expands,
required, desired, devoured,
it is the labial rose,
the rose wound.

It is the rose that opens its lids,
the vigilant, wakeful rose,
the shattered rose of insomnia.

It is the rose of smoke,
the ash rose,
the diamond coal's black rose
which, noiseless, drills through darkness
and occupies no point in space.

FRANCES COLVIN

BETWEEN

There was nothing to do in the forest. In mountain haze
Somewhere lay the plane,
The burned-out fuselage, the splintered wing
Scattered in twisted fragments on the hill,
All glass shattered to diamonds, pipes and wires
Dangling from branches. All its several lives
Were spent. Somewhere between two cities
This happened. Fate always waits
Between two cities. Illogical as mountains,
Never proper, in between
The beginning you did not choose,
The end only imagined—
Always death, and even love
Are somewhere in the mountains.
Open your hand between the pines, and let the wind
Blow in its random flower.

GREG KUZMA

THE BRIDGE

The bridge
which once bore tourists
direct to North Creek
has been left alone
for years.
Both sides of the river
have grown fat
waiting.
Nothing but wind
crosses the torn blacktop
of the abandoned road.

Six miles away
the deer who stand here
against a smaller sky
walk through the dreams
of hunters readying their cars
for runs into deep woods.

Soon, the bridge
will seem natural
as stone.
Hunters will come upon it
covered with vines,
their mouths wide as the gorge.

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DENIS JOHNSON

TWO POEMS

THE MAN AMONG THE SEALS

for Ed Schroeder

at night here in the park it is different:

the man by the seal pool stalks
through an acute emptiness, encircled
by the city. is he
taking off his clothes?

by day i have seen
the seals, enclosed, blundering
among the spattered rocks. they climb
like prisoners of a ferris wheel, above
their pool and above
the peanuts floating through
air, high over the sudden, too large

teeth of the spectators. but at night,
without their land-locked captors moving
gracefully by, the seals
seem less inept, even

on the hostile rocks.
before dawn they rise
and dive, becoming masters
in the water. the figure in

underwear on the left is not
a seal. before me and
an audience of trees he has
joined the seals. drunk, perhaps,

and, a staggerer on land,
perhaps he hopes to move cleanly,
like a seal, through water. or,

sober, perhaps he dives to assume
the clumsiness now shed by the seals: then
he will tumble drunk onto
the ground, and the seals, plunging

landward, will find
no awkwardnes among the rocks, will
no longer wonder deep
within themselves at a dry hardness
which is not ice. each day

he will return, wetness
forever staining through his pants,
to watch his seals as they rise
above the rocks to pluck the floating

bits of food, as they slide through
the air over the trees, the
ferris wheel grown

stationary with shame, the tiny,
unfamiliar bodies jerking
under balloons through the lighted park.

A CONSEQUENCE OF GRAVITY

my wife's voice yelling from
the window holds the distant echoes
of a thousand mothers-in-law, all the women,
all the weight, increasing, of this planet.

i will not listen. here in the yard i am watching
an old story: a child has dived
into the earth attempting to fly, and injured

farther than the skin he gives
his long syllable toward the moon.
there is no one to tell him he will settle

for years, in a gradual re-enactment
of this flight, against the earth,
as he cries over his miserable attachment
to the ground and mourns

that first unlucky generation
of airplanes, the lost inventions still burrowing
somewhere desperately away from the air,
making caves, making

no sense at all crushed into the sides of mountains.
i grow, like an imprisoned pilot,
heavier, near death, my face
makes mistakes in the last oxygen of the cockpit.

through the dusk the moon has rolled
again out into her private ocean. i cannot
help it, like a blank virgin she has retired

beyond the air, and here, bereft, surrounded
by grotesque, inedible women and the painful
breaking of another spring i admit it,
i will never touch her, hold her.

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DAVID WIDENER

FATHER

Blue ink on a red line,
cause of death, cancer of the spine.
"A quiet patient; used to read."
Nude on a lighter winking at me,
billfold of rent receipts telling me
of six dollar weeks at the Panama;
address book full of jugster debts,
and a few, final words
from the poet of the Underbelly,
wishing to be excused.
"An old woman said no pissing
on the steps of the church—so I quit."

Slowly, the terminal wards,
corridors of black nurses
squeaking like bats among men
propped in green air,
smelling of some bashful logic—
eyes down, reading, reading,
sensing where I walk,
each eye a slow afternoon
down from the wing of the morgue,
where death rolls from the wall
left eye open for me to close,
right eye red, resisting.

Rudely I sit by his side
being friendly with his death,
my hands asleep on his chest,
my fingers swelling and curling
like burnt, white candles
in a garden of flesh—
bending to kiss the red eye,
I taste the dry ice of his life,
the warm slums swallowing me
like wine down a cold volcano,
down where vagabonds go
in the summer of their death.

MARVIN BELL

PRIVACY

You bend for pity.
You are on your knees, begging.

Modesty is the vise
in which you seat their heads.

. . . . . .

You murder them.
They wanted to kill you.

You murder them.
They wanted to ask you.

They wanted to ask you
to table.

But you have killed
and have no appetite.

. . . . . .

You would hunger for your friends
if you thought they wished it.

You would leave your wife
if she didn't leave you alone.

You would beg on your knees
without a tray.

You would hold your head
while they sawed it through.

. . . . . .

You agree to turn up later
for restoration.

You agree to share in
your just desserts.

You agree to wear a jacket
to the burning of your books.

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(Continued from page 33)

however, these structures predictably respond with force so that the university can go about its business—training the managerial elite of the future and providing information which the present elite can use.

A recent survey conducted by a member of the Political Science Department at Duke indicates that the February crisis has indeed polarized opinion on the campus. It seems clear that as the level of conflict escalates Duke officials may well take the position assumed by the president of San Francisco State College—that in time of crisis there are no neutrals. However they may react to the strident voices of those demanding that the school serve the needs of the exploited rather than those of the corporate structure and its hirelings, open conflict with students will no doubt occur again at Duke. As the blacks marched out of the administration building on that cold Thursday afternoon, they chanted, "It ain't over." These words most succinctly describe the struggle that has only just begun.

At Hartford's Trinity College, students in April of 1968 pressed their demands for Black studies and scholarships by blockading the Board of Trustees in its meeting room on campus. The results—at the time and since—are set down by a then-undergraduate who took part in the siege.

william unger

CONFRONTATION—ONE YEAR LATER

More than a year ago I participated in the occupation of the Trustee Room of Trinity College. The room, in a brick clock tower which hyphenates the administration building and the neo-gothic chapel, is beneath the offices of the Religion Department and above the main archway opening onto an elm-lined quadrangle. I don't know if the original ordering of these buildings was intentionally symbolic, but during the tensions of last spring it seemed an increasingly appropriate arrangement as the students awkwardly tried to move the focus of authority out of that tradition-locked tower and onto the quad, where everyone (including especially the faculty) who met at the distant end of the campus might see each other clearly; see and listen clearly enough perhaps to realize that even the quadrangle could no longer serve as a boundary accosting responsibility as a trespasser and granting self-interest right of way.

But of course this symbolism is too neat for an understanding of what happened. I suppose as with many other schools the frictions preceding and following our demonstration conform to certain patterns. The constituents are familiar: a fragmented faculty, an aloof administration, and an invisible Board of Trustees on the one hand, and on the other an active SDS chapter, an increasingly militant group of Black students, and a student body more and more convinced that all their attempts to affect the policies influencing their lives would be submerged in committees or in a plethora of rhetoric. Depersonalization on all sides was another familiar pattern; individuals were continually reduced to stereotypes, and groups were transformed into adamant power blocs which made decisions on the basis of a bizarre coupling of ideology and rumor. Issues refused to stand still, merging and separating, moving up and down an abstract hierarchy of things-to-be-done now, thereby reinforcing the climate of mistrust and frustration. Much of the campus became enamoured of an excitement born from desperation.

But again, this is too neat, too simple; for to mention only these patterns is not unlike being satisfied with the arguments that "campus unrest" is caused by SDS revolutionaries, or by a vocal few abusing a quietist majority, or by spoiled youth in need of a firm father-figure. Once accepted, the arguments themselves become as much causes, as explanations of the problem; they are the progeny of that abstract *deus ex machina* we are all so fond of, which descends onto the stage wiping it clean of complexity, of the personal and the concrete.

So what happens at a school like Trinity College to make it erupt? Many things: in particular, the murder of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr. Some students didn't notice. Others did, but were not concerned. Still more withdrew into a shroud of guilt and despair, certain that nothing could be done. But many of us—some might say too many—were not inclined to dissociate, to be passive. We had not yet been fully conditioned by the necessary habit of "taking things in stride" when this meant ignoring the impulse to feel disgust at the nightly news cata-

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logue of buildings burned and numbers killed. It was not that we had rejected the beliefs of those before us, but that we had listened too closely.

There was concern which led to talk which, in turn, led to an all-college meeting with eight hundred students present. A resolution was adopted pledging $50.00 from each student's general fee (money normally refunded upon graduation) to create a scholarship fund for ghetto students, asking for courses in Black history and urban affairs, creating a student organization to channel work into the local white and Black ghetto areas. Finally, the students asked the administration to co-operate in the implementation of the resolution.

The meeting ended and the students felt that something had been started in their "community." Eleven days later the administration had still not responded. No one knew why. Considering the administration's history of delay and subterfuge, the Black students decided to act. After a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees, the Black students and all those who wished to join them, were to confront the Trustees and ask for a response. On April 22 two hundred students walked into the administration building and sat down quietly outside the room in which the Trustees were meeting. Then the unexpected happened. A Trustee came to the door and attempted to leave. The Black students, immediately in front of the door, had to improvise a plan; they asked that he remain until after the Trustees had explained their response to the student resolution. He replied that nothing had been decided yet, that he had no opinion on the matter, and that he must leave. The sit-in then became a "hold-in" as the students stood in the doorway while the Trustees remained in the room, refusing to consider the proposal with the students there. Both sides were stalemated.

After two hours like this a counter-demonstration gathered below the window of the Trustee room. A spokesman for the Black students left the building to talk to the group outside. I followed him. I was a "marshal," one of about fifteen demonstrators who had volunteered to organize communications and maintain order. Before leaving the building and entering the crowd, I had impulsively thought that I might be able to prevent a fight, at least to help separate the other students from the crowd if and when tempers exploded. Outside, standing back to back, the two of us were the center of a whirl of shouting students, confused and angered by the sit-in. Why, they demanded, were the Trustees barricaded in the room? My friend explained: we were confronting the Trustees to display our support of the student resolution and to hear a response. He did not say, for it could be assumed, that we were also there in fact to *see* the Trustees, to discover what these men were like in person.

Those around us (about fifty in number) wanted the Trustees released. As my fellow demonstrator tried to calm the crowd, I stood there wondering why I had left the building; I was not a spokesman, I could not control the crowd, and at five-feet-five I was not physically intimidating. I spoke over my shoulder: "You're not doing any good. Let's go back; we'd better get back inside." At that moment a porcine head obscured by a big cigar emerged from the window above us. Attention shifted to the Trustee in the window. "Can you leave?" he was asked. "No, they've got us locked in. Come in and let us out!" He accompanied this with a wave of his arm, as if to call the boys home. I was no longer frightened of what *might* happen, of students fighting each other, charging the door, fists breaking glass, destroying the possibility of change because there would be nothing left to change, but of what *was* happening; frightened by the fact that we had pushed each other too far, that we adhered so strongly to our own beliefs that we had neglected to consider our own intolerance. We had confronted the abstractions and, in the very act of confrontation, recreated the stereotypes we were desperately trying to repudiate. At the same time, I remember a certain satisfaction in seeing that Trustee at the window. "Why, he's a gross bastard, after all," I thought, even while he was probably thinking of us as punks. The crowd began to chant, "Let, them, out! Let, them, out! Let, them, out!" The other demonstrator and I walked past the student guards we had posted at the door and went into the building.

"'. . . They've got us locked in. Come in and let us out!'"

Not long afterwards, after having been kept in the room for three hours, the Trustees were released, weaving in single file down the stairway on which students were sitting. But 160 students remained all that night, all the following day, and into the early morning hours of the next night when an agreement was finally reached with a special faculty-administration negotiating committee. During the sit-in time was like a cascade: there were press releases to be written, food to be brought and distributed, doors to be secured, policy to be explained, argued, and voted upon; students entered and left the building as they pleased, with some going out to get books and blankets and others coming in to question the motivations of the demonstration. There were group discussions on Vietnam, Black Power, the Draft, and Trinity Education. Folk singers were in abundance. Despite the threat of arrest, of invasion by groups of counter-demonstrators, in spite of one student's being struck by an administrator who was refused entrance, most of the people inside were very happy with their community. But its reality was necessarily a temporary one.

I remained until the sit-in steering committee announced that an agreement had been reached establishing a scholarship fund. The student senate would provide $15,000 to be raised or supplied from its budget, and the school would match this by providing full five year scholarships for each Black student admitted to Trinity. Most of the students cheered, but six students were to be held responsible as leaders of the demonstration: three Black students and three white students. (The

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steering committee had been composed of five Blacks and one white.) I was number six on the list.

The other people in the sit-in signed a statement demanding that they be held equally responsible; in an attempt to avoid more conflict, this was accepted by the administration a day later. One hundred and sixty-four students were held liable to a charge of "restricting the right of free access and exit of eight Trustees and two college administrators" and were tried by a student-faculty tribunal. The decision, supported by a vote of the faculty, committed the demonstrators to various social work projects and the raising of money for the scholarship fund; it never went into effect. The Trustees came on campus once more—this time, to overrule the decision of the student-faculty committee. All illusions of due process were discarded. The campus was chaotic; there were more all-college meetings; the faculty held emergency sessions; among other things the President of the school even threatened to resign; there were anonymous threats of fire-bombing. Armageddon was predicted. Chiefly because of the judiciary society (consisting of seven students, two of whom were on the original list of six sit-in leaders), the college avoided Armageddon; in its place came the reprieve of a new committee and summer vacation.

Admittedly, this is a bare outline of the events. It should be emphasized that none of the groups involved, including the Trustees, could be understood as having acted out of a single motivation. However, the tension of accumulated reactions often made this appear to be the case. The demonstrators, meeting *after* the sit-in, could not even agree on a method of defense before the tribunal; in fact, we could not agree on whether or not we should be defended! Almost as many proposals were raised as the number of students. Everyone soon realized that the "community" that had been created during the sit-in was again a gathering of extremely diverse individuals, each wishing to explain his own motivations for participating in the demonstration. After a three-hour spasm of participatory democracy the meeting ended; it was to be our last.

This year, while the colleges and universities around Trinity have become a tangle of force, knots of emotion which everyone, from the local dean to President Nixon, seems determined to unravel, our campus is experiencing a hangover; like the morning after, drained by memories of over-exertion, we accept a period of change that must be "lived through." The majority of last year's demonstrators have withdrawn to their rooms, the student senate is an unpardonable joke, our SDS chapter does not even merit laughter, and there is a new President to create new committees which no one cares to serve on. I do not believe any of us expected a revolution. Most of us do not want one, for that would only create new slogans, new alliances for revenge, new habits of guilt. However, we did see change as a possibility—change that would become a process, not an end, for we could not afford to be content with decaying preconceptions, to accept outworn rules, to become accustomed to venomous sentimentalities. We would start at home, on the campus. We would respond to a national crisis.

This was the stuff of our naivete; our basic fault being that even those who began strengthened by a *realpolitik*, did not appreciate the degree to which their actions would be transformed by the alchemy of time. Issues and leaders would pass too fast for any attempt at uniting imagination and practicality. And finally, our motivations would be disguised by a slogan created by the needs of others.

The Dean of Bowdoin College, writing from the vantage of a sabbatical leave in England, comments on the "loss of center" on American campuses, argues for more student voice in college affairs—and suggests that if our colleges and universities must be "political," they should be intelligently so.

a. l. greason, jr.

PROTEST AND REACTION: STUDENTS AND SOCIETY IN CONFLICT

I am writing from old England, where I have come from New England to do research in eighteenth-century literature. I have left behind a college, a town, a state, and a nation, in all of which I was involved in varying degrees, and I have stepped into a new kind of freedom. Without involvement in my community at the edge of London and certainly without immediate influence anywhere, I am today very much the student again—responsible for nothing but my own affairs and a reasonably decent account of myself at the end of the year. Vietnam, Biafra, Czechoslovakia, and Black Power swirl about me, but there is even less I can do than I did before. Disengagement heightens frustration. The educator on sabbatical soon understands why students must—and can only—protest.

My own experience in the last few years with student protests has ranged, like the experience of other college administrators, from petitions to picketing and strikes,

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and the causes, always intensely pursued, have varied from greater freedom in entertaining women to repudiation of the draft and the Vietnam War. In the last few months, my experience has been confined to reading the literature of student protest. Distance from the battlefield, I find, not only spares me the drama of confrontation, but provides sufficient respite to consider at length what the conflict is all about.

Probably the best-known book on the subject is George Kennan's *Democracy and the Student Left*. The English edition appeared only recently and, like its American predecessor, was followed by justifiably critical reviews. Kennan is strangely insensitive to youth and the nature of its protest, a failing he shares with our generation as a whole. He hastens, at one point, to reassure youth that the draft does not necessarily mean instant death:

> I am reliably informed that the probability of a recent male college graduate being drafted and killed in action was 10 per 100,000 in 1776, and 30 per 100,000 in 1967. That this will rise in 1968 is to be expected, if deplored. It would have to rise very materially before the risk would become a substantial one. Even the figure for 1967 is less than half the death rate in motor accidents for those from fifteen to twenty-four years of age, which is 69.6 per 100,000.

I am reminded, in the midst of my eighteenth-century studies, of another piece of "political arithmetic." Jonathan Swift, in "A Modest Proposal," appears to advocate that the poor people of Ireland raise their infants as food for their landlords. No other "reasonable" means of survival, he argues, has worked, and this one at least is statistically feasible.

> I have been assured by a very knowing American of my acquaintance in London, that a young healthy child well nursed is at a year old a most delicious, nourishing and wholesome food . . . . I do therefore humbly offer it to public consideration, that of the hundred and twenty thousand children already computed, twenty thousand may be reserved for breed, whereof only one fourth part to be males, which is more than we allow to sheep, black-cattle, and swine . . . .

The difference, of course, is that Kennan means what he says while Swift, by ironically highlighting the horrors of this kind of thinking, intends to shock people into seeing other people as human beings—as creatures deserving compassion, not computerization. Swift wants corrective action. He protests. Kennan gives us the comfort that things could be worse. He justifies. Swift is the moralist who knows we are wrong. Kennan is the realist who knows the odds. Swift, for all his Toryism, voices the outraged spirit of today's Student Left. Kennan, for all his liberalism, is the safe voice of middle age, and it is impossible to be very proud of what he says.

To damn Kennan, however, is not to praise the spokesmen for the Student Left. It was Mark Rudd, the head of the Columbia University chapter of Students for a Democratic Society, who wrote that infamous open letter last April to President Grayson Kirk of Columbia in which he said: "We will destroy your world, your corporation, your University." The letter was addressed "Dear Grayson" and ended, "Up against the wall, motherfucker, this is a stick-up."

Once the shock of obscenity has subsided, the sympathetic reader may see the letter simply as the rhetoric of outrage, of disgust with "the Establishment" which has failed to stop a painful war and to cope intelligently or foresightedly with those interrelated injustices of poverty, racial prejudice, and urban slums. Such a sympathetic reading, however, misses the full implication of what has been said. Swift is again helpful in understanding the absurdity of it. At the end of *Gulliver's Travels*, poor Gulliver returns home from a visit to a utopia of purely rational creatures. The transition from perfection to mere humanity is more than Gulliver can take. He faints

"Where protest is genuine, it is usually complicated by the reactions of adults."

when kissed by "that odious animal," his wife; he lives with his horses in preference to his family; and by walking about the streets with his nose stuffed with "rue, lavender, or tobacco leaves" he, in effect, rejects the entire human race. Rudd and the radical element he represents within the student protest have had their vision too—a world at peace, free from the tensions of nations, races, and classes, a world wholly responsive to the voice of youth in shaping its values and its style. Upon turning from this vision to the world that *is*, they are understandably horrified. But like Gulliver, they are ultimately absurd in their rejection of it. They ascribe to the Establishment—not stupidity, of which it is certainly guilty, but the most evil of intentions. Whatever good the Establishment has done is irrelevant to the issues at hand. No one is willing to entertain the possibility that the men who make up the Establishment may in some instances be victimized themselves. The Student Left, like Gulliver in his unqualified scorn, is really rejecting its own humanity. The Student Left epitomizes the very impersonality it elsewhere deplores.

I have, of course, cited extreme examples. Kennan says some very sensible things, though often in a captious way, and I have selected one of his silliest arguments. Dissenting students have aimed at some valid targets, and I have selected one of their wildest shots. The temptation to cite extremes, however, is understandable, for much of the debate seems to run to extremes. The adult world is essentially reactionary when discussing student protest, and individual students, though dissatisfied with a variety of different things, find a common bond in rallying around the most excited of their leaders, who are dissatisfied with everything. The center has lost its voice and much of its appeal.

Cohn-Bendit, the French student leader, says, "In certain objective situations—with the help of an active minority—spontaneity can find its old place in the social movement. Spontaneity makes possible the forward drive, not the orders of a leading group." He envisions a union of students and workers achieved in "the dynamics of action." Common objectives do not count. They do not even exist. They are discovered in the mystique of action.

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All causes can be accommodated. Against such radicalism, it is little wonder the center cannot hold.

It is the loss of this center which bothers me most, just as it does Diana Trilling in her excellent article, in *Commentary*, on student protest at Columbia. This center is not some mechanical point of compromise between extremes, and it is certainly not the boggy middle filled with the inertia of indifference. The center is the vantage point of the liberal spirit, responsive to the very different geniuses of, say, a Ford and a Thoreau, sensitive to the conflicting needs of the many and of the one, dignified by the old and quickened by the new. It senses that even order and justice can be at odds, but it will not forsake one to achieve the other, for it believes there are better solutions than those propounded by the extremes with their moral imperatives of single vision. The tragedy of student protest and the reaction to it is the abandonment of such beliefs. Violence, says the Left, is the way to justice—in Chicago, in Watts, in Columbia. Order, says the reaction, is the way to justice—in all those places where order has heretofore brought little justice. Small wonder the liberal center cannot hold the ends together. Whether it is able to continue to some purpose depends on how soon it can convince the extremes that the complexity of the problem calls for braver and profounder measures than any advanced thus far.

To understand what must be done requires first some sense of what student protest is. In part it is the same old protest we have known through the ages: the idealism, self-confidence, and innocence of youth affronted by the realism, skepticism, and jadedness of age. "Every generation," wrote George Orwell, "imagines itself to be more intelligent than the one that went before it . . . ." This latest generation apparently finds itself morally superior as well. In the inevitable imperfections of systems and societies and of the men who create them, youth sees only the wicked will of the Establishment.

The very experience of growing up in the last decade or two has lent its own peculiar relish to protest. A number of students have known material prosperity, and having known it, they have understandably lost interest in it—at least for themselves—for the time being. Having had the Little League experience, they are now interested in other leagues their fathers never dreamed of. The Peace Corps and Vista are ways of life which have left more than one set of parents puzzled and bewildered, wondering how they failed!

The need of students today for social involvement is intensified by the technology of our present society. Although the computer has blessed us with efficiency, it has reduced us to the loneliness and coldness of numbers, scores, and types. Television, by bringing the police dogs of Alabama into the living room, gave visceral urgency to the civil rights movement that no artistry or crusading had achieved before. The leaders of student protest were about ten years old when those dogs were called in, and they have obviously gotten the message.

Finally, as I have intended to imply, there are some very real causes for dissatisfaction with adult society. I do not mean the moral failings of adults as individuals; although our private failings must add some spice to the student protest, they are not the failings which have sparked the student protest. The concern is over those inadequacies and wrongs which have become a part of the structure and substance of contemporary society. The Vietnam war, for example, is certainly a recognized failure of the age, and although we discuss it largely in terms of how we can extricate ourselves, we expect our youth to continue to accept a draft and to lay down their lives, if necessary, while we debate the shapes of tables at which peace will be discussed. In spite of the affluence many college students have known, every sociology and economics course they take reminds them that a fourth of the nation lives in poverty. Something, they're sure, is wrong with the distribution process in the richest nation in the world. As for their colleges, budgets for athletics and public relations seem ridiculously high and teaching loads for faculty appallingly light, especially in a world where scholarships and classroom teachers are badly needed. And in the midst of such strains, the curriculum always seems outmoded and the methods to change it designed to keep it so. It should not be surprising that colleges, for all the freedoms they tolerate and protect, are viewed by students as just one more piece of the Establishment.

I have said nothing about drugs and sex, which adults who discuss student protest seem to make a great deal of. These are, I suppose, parts of the problem, but they are really manifestations of confusion, for which adults are largely responsible. We are, after all, a nation of drug users, from alcohol and tobacco to aspirin and tranquilizers. We dignify and popularize these drugs with the most lavish advertising, and we use them each year in greater quantity and against our better judgment. We refuse to listen to the medical experts on tobacco, and yet we expect youth to listen to the experts on marijuana. The experts, to be true, differ among themselves, and so in the case of marijuana we fall back on strict laws and severe penalties, becoming a kind of parody of our grandparents in their efforts to prohibit the alcohol adults now use and abuse. It is not a pretty sight, but insofar as drugs are concerned, youth is more sinned against than sinning.

The same is true in the matter of sex. Philip Wylie's *A Generation of Vipers*, the radical text of my college days, properly indicted a society which uses sex to advertise everything from chewing gum to automobiles and then expects it to turn itself off before it runs its course. Sex never turns itself off, and when it thrives as intercourse among unmarried students it too often produces unhappy consequences—venereal disease, mental breakdowns, illegitimate births, and forced marriages. In a strict sense the students are at fault. But the society which reared them is really the glamorizer and the titillator of sex. Pot and the pill are not conscious parts of the student protest; they are really parts of a world we have created, and the students who turn themselves on and love around, even if they think they are protesting,

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are simply acting out the macabre consequences of a drama begun well before their time.

Where protest is genuine, it is usually complicated by the reactions of adults. The quotation from Orwell cited earlier—"Every generation imagines itself to be more intelligent than the one that went before it . . . ."—continues "and wiser than the one that comes after it. This is an illusion, and one should recognize it as such, but one also ought to stick to one's own world-view, even at the price of seeming old-fashioned: for that world-view springs out of experiences that the younger generation has not had, and to abandon it is to kill one's intellectual roots." It is, I think, the tenacity with which the adult clings to his world-view, unmindful that his sense of greater wisdom is only an illusion, which creates so much difficulty. Without doubt the adult has experienced the pressures of life today, and he has learned to cope with them. He knows that education is important, and so he drives his children through the system, whether they are ready for it or not. He knows that the old frontiers have fallen and that the new world calls for organization, corporate action, and technical knowledge, and so he tries to sell the system and its needs to the next generation, although he cannot always justify its products. His is the tightly linked world of the team effort; it cannot accommodate extremes. And yet, it is dissatisfaction with this world that has driven youth to extremes—and adults, ironically, have complimented youth by reacting in extremes too.

The college administrator, for example, is assured, often by permissive parents, that if he would only deal firmly with students all would be well. Such advice comes from those who do not know that for centuries colleges treated children firmly like children—at least through the 1930's—and that college students obliged by acting like children. More recently colleges have treated students only half the time as though they were children and the other half as though they were adults, and the results are on the picket lines and at the barricades. It is certainly time to reconsider how students ought to be dealt with, but the answer is not *firmly*—at least not in the sense that most adults use it.

"Students cannot continue as the least of the political bodies involved in the running of a college."

To put the matter another way, students ought not to be dealt with firmly any more than students should deal firmly with college administrators and faculty or with the adult world at large. Firmness, as Chicago proved, wins no real respect and justifies no cause. It is today's synonym for belligerent force, and it inevitably invites force in reply.

The answer to student protest is, I am convinced, student involvement—completely. In the colleges, there must be no "Mickey Mouse" about it and no endless detours of student recommendations through annual faculty and trustee committee meetings until the procedures designed to assure sanity resemble paralysis. Education in its fullest sense must ultimately deal with ideas in action. The student, to be sure, stands back to abstract and analyze concepts in the process of learning, but he must also know them in the process of living. The beauty of living with one's ideas, of being held firmly to them (and here and only here is where firmness belongs) is that the inevitable imperfections of any human scheme become in time terribly real. There is a dividend of humility built into the process, a necessity eventually to judge others less harshly. One experiences the commonality of all human beings, an awareness of which is so essential if the center is to hold and things not fly apart and at each other. In this world, of course, such awareness is hardly perfect peace, but it is the beginning of understanding.

Our reluctance to involve our students more directly in the responsibility of running our colleges makes little sense. We not only deprive them of an important educational experience and ourselves of their insights (the better for being seriously listened to), but we invite the bitter criticism of those denied a voice in the very things which matter most to them. It is as though we preferred the destructive conflict of exclusion to the creative tensions of inclusion, as though we felt safer in a shell. American education doesn't need this kind of protection from its students. Some European and Asian schools do, but they have been even slower than America to respond to the educational needs of today, and their faculties continue to bask in their prerogatives and resist even the most pressing reforms. Out of such absurdities rise the Cohn-Bendits, not to reform but to overthrow. In America, though the revolutionists exist, the vast majority of students look to change within our democratic society. Since no generation has a monopoly on wisdom, but each sees by the light of its own special experiences, we can hope to resolve the issue of student protest only when our students are invited to be a real and responsible part of that society. The difficulty arises when we put aside the fine language and get down to the particular issues.

Students cannot continue as the least of the political bodies involved in the running of a college. They are too central to the purpose of the college, and more to the point, they are, for all their youthful follies, too knowing. I would no longer have student committees, or faculty or trustee committees for that matter, worry along in isolation the problems of the institution, reenforcing with each recommendation the bias of their own limited perspective. I would have the basic questions of the institution confronted by committees composed of students, faculty, and trustees together in order that there might be some enlightening of each other in the process. I think, too, I would see the members of these various groups all entitled to vote for the trustees and eligible to stand for trusteeships themselves. Certainly college government

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would be no more confused and tense than it is now. It could conceivably be more perceptive and responsible, genuinely representative of those for whom the institution is a major concern—the students, the teachers, and, through various of the trustees, the public at large.

I see the students' concern for poverty, urban slums, and civil rights as part of the larger question of the role of a college or university relative to society as a whole. The centers of higher education can no longer be thought of as retreats for rumination free from the cares of life. They are today very much centers of action humming with state and federal research grants, R.O.T.C. units, National Science Foundation Institutes, and Upward Bound and Headstart Programs. New social science courses send students into slums and ghettos to study poverty and prejudice. Colleges are now real estate holders in their towns and cities and large investors in the stock market, and their growing demands for space and services often strain their communities' resources. In the midst of these relatively recent developments, colleges have been slow to grasp the extent of their active involvement. Far from being dispassionate critics of society, colleges are now, like their students, well on the road to being "politicized." I think this development is inevitable, but the failure of the colleges to recognize it and give it direction is deplorable. If the colleges mean to fight poverty and prejudice, as some of their individual programs unquestionably do, then the colleges should work toward those ends in all of their policies. The possibilities, of course, are extensive, and that is why colleges must define and understand their relationship today and tomorrow to society at large. It is not enough for colleges to be political; they must be intelligently so.

Within the colleges the civil rights movement will have special consequences. If justice is to be done, the percentage of black college students ought to equal the percentage of Blacks within the nation, as a measurable start. This proportion will soon be the case at the better colleges anyway. Since a number of Blacks will come from poor families and poor schools, special admissions criteria, scholarships, tutorial assistance, and initially lower standards will be needed. Where these measures have already been in practice, black students have met the regular standards by graduation time. It is a workable scheme, and not to make it widely operative now is only to prolong the present tension. If conscience doesn't move us, then self-interest must.

As for the Black History, Black Culture, and all that might comprise the Black Curriculum, these courses must be offered and be staffed with Blacks too, if that is what black students want. The desperate need of Blacks to feel at home—even in academic disciplines—in a traditionally white society must be answered. As colleges, with the assistance of Blacks, look for Blacks to man these departments, they will find themselves settling for inexperienced teachers and perhaps even some Whites. The experienced teachers they do find will often come from the predominantly black colleges in the South, where they are desperately needed too. But this is a healthy problem to wrestle with. So is the fate of the Black Curriculum. It would be naive to think that these departments will be universally good or successful, but they will answer a complex present need, and they will in time answer a purer intellectual need, for students do not settle easily for the second best. If the departments are to survive, either as separate units or in connection with other departments, they will have to become good.

The Vietnam war and the draft are problems the colleges cannot solve, but solutions are essential to the well-being of colleges. The national administration must convince our students that its efforts to find peace are sincere. Words will no longer do. And students had better be involved as voters as well as soldiers at eighteen. They will, of course, never be pleased with a draft, but the national administration can at least assure itself of broader support in the future by asking Congress for a formal declaration of war should such a sad necessity arise. Those who still cannot in conscience serve must be accommodated by alternatives to service. I do not believe there will be many objectors. Much of the outcry these past few years, as the willingness of protesters to take on the police and the army suggests, is not in moral repugnance to force but in contempt for a foreign policy which has carried us into the Vietnam war and cannot get us out.

As for drugs, the only workable solution is to put similar drugs on a similar footing. If the medical professional decides that marijuana resembles tobacco or alcohol more than it does other drugs, then marijuana should probably exist on much the same terms as they do. At the same time, the absurdity of drugs of this sort can be made clear in a variety of ways, and the widely accepted efforts to broaden their appeal through advertising can be ended. The adults who insist that our problems with alcohol and tobacco are sufficient are probably right, but it doesn't follow that new drugs of a similar nature should be excluded. To those who prefer the new drugs, this posture looks, as it is, hypocritical and unfair—and that is what students are protesting.

In confronting sex, only a rash college administrator could claim any guaranteed answer. Youth will never accept the sad truth that when it comes to sex our private and social selves are at odds. We would all be Don Juans, but we would rather our sisters stayed home. Colleges, I believe, had better hold on to some form of parietal rules which preclude men and women students from spending the nights together in college buildings, if only as a reminder that society, even a liberal society, cannot exist with the personal and social problems created by sexual license. I don't suppose for a moment that administrators can stop youngsters from fornicating, but, aware of the consequences, administrators needn't abet it. Adults can only labor to make the values clear—and let up on the relentlessness with which they employ sex to sell the world to each other.

The real problem, however, is not how any adult or any student would set about righting the particular wrongs of colleges or society. That is the path to mani-

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festoes, utopias, and tedium. The real problem is student protest and adult reaction. Protest for its own sake and protest for the vision's sake. How to distinguish them? Reaction for its own sake and reaction for sanity's sake. How to distinguish them? Few do, of course, because few want to. Not knowing the difference in ourselves, we suspect the motives in others. The illusion of our own righteousness grows, and we leap to extremes, trusting no one over thirty—or is it under?

Rudd's dictum and the parents' advice to deal firmly are no solutions to the problem of protest and reaction because they are simply outgrowths of the distrust and ineptness which generated them. The only solution is to ask students to share on an equal footing the responsibilities of our colleges and of the greater society of which colleges are an increasingly active part. The generations will never see eye to eye, but they can have the common experience of confronting a mutual problem instead of each other. In shaping and living answers, they may acquire some sense of the limits of vision and the limits of wisdom. It is the absence of this sense which has brought about the protest and the reaction.

ALAN SOLDOFSKY

TWO POEMS

THE WINTER SOLSTICE

Under a pale sky, the shepherds
are searching for their flocks.
As they climb to the upper pastures,
their lives darken behind them.

If the days have grown shorter
or only go by faster makes
no difference. The village at night
is a carnival, and the nights
last forever.

But in the highlands,
the animals are leaving strange,
new tracks in the snow.
The shepherds have forgotten
what they have come so far
to find, and are crossing
the dangerous mountain passes.

On the other side, deep lakes
shimmer in the darkness.
The descent is not difficult,
revolving the wrong way.

ALONG THE HARBOR

The skeletons of freighters
line the harbor. Within their hulls
mice are looking for a way
out. It is almost dark.

The moon is turning over a
great weight. Giant redwoods
on the hillsides shed their bark.
It is difficult for the lovers

to continue. A heavy fluid
oozes from their strained
muscles. They peel off layer
after layer of skin, until

the pain becomes unbearable.
Then find themselves waking
into dreams. Into the insides
of animals. Soon they see

the shapes coming over
the water. Turning towards
each other, turning transparent,
they make gestures that fall

short. The night stirs in
their teeth. It makes them
lonely. If there is anything
else they have left to give

it is obscure. The costal winds
are not new to them. The cold
air just disappears into their
hearts. Across the bay, doors

are opening on other lives, but
that means nothing. Within the
freighters, the lives of the mice
are going out.

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The seizure of University Hall, says an undergraduate member of the Harvard-Radcliffe SDS, did more than dramatize student disenchantment with R.O.T.C. In an essay which reads like a modern Revolutionist's Handbook, Mr. Reid rejects conventional notions of "student power" in favor of an alliance between students and "the working class."

john reid

THE STRUGGLE AT HARVARD

April 30—The struggle at Harvard is by no means over for the spring. Although it seems sure that nothing as momentous as the events of the week after the building seizure will happen again this year, other militant actions are possible, even probable, and many issues are still up in the air. At this time a complete analysis of the struggle is out of the question. Nevertheless, it is clear to many of us in SDS that something new has happened here, and that it's happening in other places, only in less obvious form. Our fight here has been for concrete demands, and we've fought against the idea that restructuring the university to give students more power will meaningfully change things. In short, the movement against student power has really begun.

Before we seized University Hall the issue never presented itself strongly. Then it seemed only natural to fight for specific demands, primarily abolition of R.O.T.C. It was of little concern to most people *who* decided whether R.O.T.C. should go, only *whether* it should go. We conducted a long campaign against R.O.T.C. through the fall and winter, and in December we sat in at a closed faculty meeting which was to decide on it. The faculty didn't vote at that meeting (they were so disturbed at our presence in the balcony that the meeting was called off), but they later voted to take academic credit away from R.O.T.C. courses and withdraw the title of *professor* from R.O.T.C officers. Since Colonel Pell, head of the program, had previously said that R.O.T.C. probably couldn't stay if this happened, many students thought this was a polite way of abolishing it. But by March it became clear that this was false, when President Pusey revealed that Harvard was negotiating with the Pentagon to find ways to keep the program. At that point people began to realize how committed the Administration was to keeping R.O.T.C., and some began to consider the need for stronger action.

After vacation, on Tuesday, April 8, we held a meeting for all people interested in continuing the fight against R.O.T.C. to consider tactics. There were three demands on R.O.T.C. adopted:

1) Abolish R.O.T.C.
2) Replace all R.O.T.C. scholarships with University scholarships
3) Restore the scholarship cuts imposed on some of the demonstrators at the faculty meeting in Paine Hall

The tactics proposed were four:

No militant action
A student strike
Five days of base-building, followed by a seizure of University Hall on Monday if support seemed great enough
Seizure of University Hall that night

The first two tactics were squashed in an early straw vote and we moved into a long, hard debate between the last two. The tactic finally passed looked like a compromise: that we seize a building at some unspecified time in the future. In fact, it was victory for the second, more militant of the two because it denied the necessity of further base-building. Its divergence from the second reflected peoples' fear that we could take the building and get busted before anyone else got up the next morning. The time was left unspecified, but everyone knew it would be soon.

At that meeting we also adopted three demands concerning Harvard's expansion into the Cambridge community. At the time we saw that they were just demands, but I doubt anyone could have known how useful they would be in exposing Harvard's role in Cambridge, and beyond. They were:

4) Roll back all rents to the level of January 1, 1969.

Harvard and M.I.T. are the two biggest landlords in all of Cambridge and they make good profits off their property. But rent increases involve more than profits.

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When one of the two universities wants to expand into an area it buys up property and starts raising the rents. Gradually students move in, since they can pay more by sharing apartments. Then, when the universities want to tear the building down, they get no trouble from the students, who move in and out every year. This is part of the process of driving working-class families out of Cambridge, as the city is converted into a complex of big universities, light industry, and research and development. The other two demands dealt with specific instances of this process:

5) No destruction of 182 housing units on University Road in Cambridge for the Kennedy Library.

When built, the Kennedy Library will be coordinated with the Kennedy Institute complex, planned in the same area. The Institute is intended to further the study of political administration; in fact it should provide a tighter link between the university and the government. This is emblematic of the process of Harvard expansion; Harvard drives out working people by taking over more of the community, and builds new facilities to extend its influence over the ways the country is governed. It's fitting that this library should happen to be dedicated to the father of counter-insurgency himself.

The last demand was:

6) No destruction of the houses of 182 white and black working-class families in the Mission Hill area of Roxbury, for the Medical School's Affiliated Hospitals site.

Everyone agrees that hospitals are good; they cure people. So why fight this one? Because its construction is distinctly opposed to the interests of the community. It will be a *training* hospital, devoted solely to producing a certain number of doctors each year, and taking in patients only as they will serve this goal. While one could have little against training hospitals *per se*, in fact we see here the process of expansion working the same way as before. Harvard moves into the community, concerned only with building up its *own* institutions and power, and opposed to the interests of the people. Only here it is happening across the Charles.

On Tuesday night then, we had six demands. They were concrete demands, and had nothing to do with the questions of *how* decisions were made at Harvard. We had six demands about the *content* of those decisions, the ways that Harvard was helping to oppress the people of other countries and the working class of Cambridge. The feeling on Tuesday night was not that we were dissenting strongly against Harvard's policies. We felt then, as now, that there exists a contradiction between the interests of the men who run Harvard and those of American workers. What Harvard was doing was no aberration to be protested, but was completely logical and to be fought. The distinction between protest and struggle prepared many people to see later that student power was no solution.

In accordance with the Tuesday night vote on tactics, the SDS executive committee met on Wednesday morning and decided to take the building after a rally scheduled for noon. Probably no more than forty people entered the building at first. The discrepancy in spirit from that of the night before can be explained on simple grounds. We probably gave the call to enter too soon, before all our people had arrived on the scene, and as more arrived they were discouraged from coming in by the reports of the small number who had entered and the appearance of strong anti-SDS sentiment in the crowd outside the building. In addition, some SDS renegades outside were urging others not to go in because the effort was "doomed."

Meanwhile, inside it soon became clear to us that we couldn't hope to get more people until we had shown that, indeed, we were not screwed and in fact were in control of the building. That meant getting the deans out. As it happened, they chose not to go peacefully. They must have thought we hadn't the courage to throw them out and that they had us stuck. By calling their bluff we accomplished two very good things. First, we saved the movement. Once they were out people felt we could succeed and began to join us. By three o'clock there must have been at least four hundred people in University Hall, and we were clearly a powerful threat to the Administration. In the second place, by forcing the deans to leave, we reaffirmed the nature of the struggle as we saw it, *i.e.*, that this was a seizure, not a sit-in. At many points in the fight we were confronted with people who wanted to make a sort of moral witness against the Administration's policies, but by taking strong action early we showed others that this was in fact a struggle, and that we would have to be willing to fight hard in the future. Furthermore, that first action demonstrated what it meant to fight—to use force not for its own sake, but to win a goal; in this case, to secure our position in the building.

When the building began to fill up we started a meeting in the Faculty Room on the second floor, mainly to decide questions of policy. Here we continued to debate and define exactly what we were doing. The nature of the struggle became slowly clearer through long debate as we decided, for instance, not to admit any press but the *Crimson* and Harvard radio WHRB. Another key debate was over whether to ask Arthur Smythies, the Master of Kirkland House, to leave. For a while people's ideas of free speech, dialogue, and so on clouded over the fact that what Smythies was doing in talking with people was to spread fears of what could happen to them. We voted to ask him to leave.

The really crucial debate, however, was over our

"We've fought against the idea that restructuring the university to give students more power will meaningfully change things."

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relationship with the Administration. The debate was long and the proposals many, but the final decision was that we had nothing to negotiate, that we would communicate with the Administration only by public statements. With that line clearly drawn, we had only to make up policy on how to resist if busted and then adjourn for the night. That policy was one of obstructive nonviolence, *i.e.*, to stand together with arms linked.

(The rifling of the files, which comes up at this point, is almost completely without significance to the questions of struggle vs. protest and concrete demands vs. student power. There was simply very little disagreement on the subject. The general attitude as expressed in a sign someone put up was very roughly this: "These people have files on us for twelve years back. They know our predicted performance, how much our fathers make, *etc.* They can look at our files whenever they want. Is there any reason we shouldn't look at theirs?" We discovered how close Harvard is to the CIA and how desperately the Administration wanted to keep R.O.T.C. even if that meant twisting the Faculty resolution, but there was nothing there which we hadn't suspected. Of course, one story is that Wednesday morning moving vans were seen taking filing cabinets out of University Hall.)

In retrospect it's no surprise that Pusey called in the police that night. He must have seen that in the first place there was no way he could negotiate us out of the building. Nor could he send in henchmen to spread fears among the less-committed students and later bust the reduced number who stayed. Moreover, by taking strong action around well-defined issues, we were forcing students to take a stand and increasing the number of our supporters. A large mass of students committed specifically to the six demands in more than an intellectual way was the one thing Pusey (rightly) feared.

The military action was planned in the same way the Administration has acted politically before. That is, don't move against the radicals until you've first succeeded in isolating them. Here it meant locking all gates to the Yard, and permitting anyone to leave but only freshmen (who live there) to enter. Thus they hoped that the less-committed students would leave to get food or to go to bed. In addition, this made it harder for us to send people out to the Houses to raise support. We defeated this tactic in two ways. First, we exposed it for what it was: a way to bust us with as few witnesses as possible. There were hundreds of people who wanted to support us but for various reasons didn't want to be in the building for the bust. Many of them, therefore, spent the night in Memorial Church and when the bust came they were on the steps of the University Hall with arms linked. Second, to prevent our being starved out or isolated from the rest of the college, several groups went around to the gates, cutting the chains at various times in the night.

The police began to arrive at 4:30 a.m. and moved into the building at 5:00 after clearing people from the steps rather easily. There was some police brutality in the usual sense of the phrase—individual cops beating kids out of pure hatred—but it wasn't as common as usually believed. In fact it now seems that brutality was not left up to the individual but was planned in advance. We had locked arms and were standing closely together. The police attacked the people in the front lines viciously, hitting their heads with billy-clubs. Those of us behind them panicked, unlinking arms to protect our heads and moving backwards. Once we had dispersed somewhat, and the police could move us out more easily, they didn't show the same viciousness. The issue of police brutality at Harvard is in fact no issue at all. The cops were simply doing the job they were trained for, in the most efficient way possible.

While we were in jail, the moderate reaction began to form. It had plenty of time because the police, with Dean Watson at their side, found excuses not to begin arraigning people until about 11 a.m., and it was 4 p.m. before all of us were back on the campus. Meanwhile, some "student leaders" called a meeting for all people concerned over the bust for 10 a.m.

Several months ago the *Wall Street Journal* ran an editorial telling college administrators how to handle campus disruptions like building seizures. The plan had two parts: bust the radicals quickly before their support can grow, and then divert the issues to those of student power. And this is precisely the way the Administration tried to handle the crisis. On Wednesday night at least two of these "student leaders" were seen in conference with various deans, and afterwards one of them was heard to say "If we're smart we can squeeze out SDS and grab us some student power." The situation in Memorial Church at 10:00 Thursday morning was perfect for these people. Students were outraged over "police brutality" and furious at Pusey and the deans for calling in the cops. The six demands didn't excite people; the mask of benevolence had been ripped off the University and they were little concerned with why that had happened.

That meeting passed things like condemnation of police brutality and of the Administration for bringing *outside* forces, and demands for more student and faculty say in handling *such* matters. It also called a student strike. These demands carried little force since they represented no organization of people willing to work for them, but they were important because they clouded the issues and gave the Administration a set of demands they could work with (in other words, negotiate, show their good intentions, and otherwise convince people that it was wrong to fight them). Moreover, the motions passed pandered to several reactionary assumptions that many students carry around: that cops, because of their working class origins are naturally vicious, *not* that they are trained to be vicious to perform the functions for which the state needs them; that the Administration was wrong to send in cops (if they had crushed our movement peacefully, that would have been fine); and that a decision to do a bad thing (send in cops, tear down

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housing, *etc.*) becomes more "legitimate" if only students and faculty can help make it.

The strike lasted eight days. During that time we took no militant action; there was only intense propaganda work. From the moment we returned to jail we had to fight an ideological battle on two fronts—against the Administration's lies and smokescreens and against the moderates' demands. We did well in both of these fights and by the weight of our arguments convinced many people of the necessity of struggling on concrete demands. But by failing to take strong action, we lost the opportunity to turn intellectual agreement into active support.

Thus the strike had two contradictory aspects to it. On the one hand, we overestimated the disruption it caused. We delayed a strong action too long and discovered that the atmosphere was completely wrong for one after the strike's end. During the strike a member of the Harvard Corporation made a thinly veiled threat to close the University if another building was seized. Instead of calling this bluff at once, we let the feeling grow in students' minds that seizing a building was equivalent to saying "we want the place shut down for the rest of the year." This worked against us. In addition, we gave the Faculty the opportunity to assume the role of arbitrator between us and the Administration, which pushed some students into an attitude of "let's wait and see what happens." In fact, the Faculty has been nothing but a cover for the Administration. They recommended that R.O.T.C. be kept here *as an extra-curricular activity*, set up a committee of students and faculty to take over the Administration's dirty work of punishing us, and passed a hopelessly vague set of recommendations about expansion, the tone of which was that it should not be carried out so ruthlessly but that Harvard's expansion was necessary. They also acceded to black students' demands about the Afro-American Studies Department planned for next year. Since we had added these to the original six (plus, of course, no punishment), some people could say "Look, the Faculty's on our side. Don't rock the boat." The Faculty's actions on the original six demands, however, mean *no real change.*

". . . The decision to train officers for the military supports imperialism no matter who makes it. Students have no more right to do that than does anyone else."

But if some issues have become clouded, and another strong action seems unlikely this year, others have become clearer, and the movement should become stronger because of that. Most important of all, we have discredited to many people the ideas of student power and restructuring the university. These ideas found their most pernicious form not in the demands of the Memorial Church group, which could be attacked head-on, but in a set of demands drawn up by the newly formed Committee for Radical Structural Reform. The thinking behind them was basically this: instead of fighting Harvard's decisions once they are already made, we should try to change the decision-making process. By making the institutions more representative, particularly of students and faculty, we should be able to insure that we don't have to go through the same struggle all over again in six months.

To expose this appealing idea required a complete analysis of the interests that control Harvard and their position in society. The seven Fellows of the Harvard Corporation, "the principal governing board of the University," are some of the most powerful men in America. They hold between them one chairmanship, three presidencies and thirty-three directorships in major corporations. The Board of Overseers, a body of thirty men elected to six-year terms by the alumni must approve the Corporation's decisions. Though not quite as homogeneous (many are "poor relations" of big industrial or banking families), the Overseers represent the same interests as the Fellows of the Corporation. With more thorough documentation than this, we impressed upon many people the fact that Harvard's policies on R.O.T.C. and expansion are no accident. They don't represent the "opinions" of some men that R.O.T.C. and expansion are good things; they are the logical result of the men's positions in economic society. To expect these men to give up real decision-making power is, therefore, foolhardy. Hugh Calkins, a member of the Corporation, helped us show this in an interview with a *Crimson* reporter:

Reporter—If all of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences and students voted tomorrow to abolish R.O.T.C., would you?

Calkins—No, it's not written within the Faculty's jurisdiction.

Reporter—Do you realize that if the Faculty voted to abolish R.O.T.C. and you refused, you'd have 100 Faculty resignations the next day?

Calkins—Yes, we do, we know what we're doing. If the Faculty votes against R.O.T.C., it is clearly a statement against the Vietnam war. We will not accept it regardless of the consequences. We will not accept the pressure of anyone to get rid of R.O.T.C. because we think it's a good thing . . . . We would never delegate our authority to decide on R.O.T.C. to any other group.

There is little doubt, however, that the Corporation and Administration are willing to set up countless advisory committees to "open the lines of communication." And these committees may even appear to have power so long as they don't contradict the interests of the real rulers (which, historically, they have rarely done). In fact, these committees divert energy spent fighting the ruling class into helping it make its decisions, and then makes those decisions seem more "legitimate." The *Wall Street Journal* understood that.

For the case against student power doesn't rest solely on grounds of practicality—that real student control is impossible. In student power arguments there is most

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often the assumption that decisions made by the whole academic community would be more "legitimate." This in turn assumes that the university is isolated from the rest of society. In fact the decision to train officers for the military supports imperialism no matter who makes it. Students have no more right to do that than does anyone else. Student power can only cloud the question: Who really benefits?

The fight against restructuring demands was possibly the best thing to come out of the strike. Now when the faculty presents its inevitable recommendations for more student places on committees, many people will refuse to be fooled. The strike effectively ended on Friday, April 18, and after having a "mill-in" (hundreds of people wandering around and talking to make work impossible—a very weak tactic) at University Hall on Monday, we began to see what some aspects of the strike had done to the possibility of another seizure. Since then we have worked hard to expose the role of the Faculty to show how they have in fact changed nothing. People are just beginning to understand this, but it should become clearer in time. Meanwhile, we are continuing propaganda work and engaging in actions to emphasize the need for militancy and the fact that nothing has changed. We disrupted Harvard's Planning Office and visited Radcliffe President Mary Bunting's office when her Judicial Board put girls on probation for the Paine Hall sit-in after the University Hall seizure, thus setting them up for suspension or expulsion. More actions are planned.

What will the effect of the April revolt be on Harvard as an institution? Not much. The Corporation and Administration must see now that they underestimated the need to cover their tracks with faculty committees, student committees, "community consultation," *etc.* We can expect to see more of that—the same old decisions in a new, more "democratic" form.

But in the final analysis this can't make too great a difference. Through active ideological struggle both inside and outside of SDS, the student movement in America is being transformed, and Harvard is merely one of more advanced cases of this. We are building here a movement fully aware of the ways power works in the large university, one which will fight for concrete demands directly opposed to the interests of the men who run Harvard. The corrupt leadership of the Memorial Church group was exposed; the subtler CRSR demands failed to create any real support for restructuring. Of course, to win, our demands and others against the whole set of assumptions that lie behind the idea of student power must continue. Still greater clarity on the issues involved is needed among the student body as a whole. And most important of all, we must build a base of support among those directly affected by Harvard's expansion—the working people of Cambridge. Right now a great deal of anti-Harvard sentiment in the community has been neutralized by the lies of the news media about us and the anti-working-class content of most previous student movements. But to build a movement that can fight and win on concrete demands we must form an alliance with working people, based on common opposition to the class which runs Harvard. Over the summer this work will go on intensively.

Student power demands can be won by a small group of students. The scenario is simple: take a building, get your heads busted, and rely on the reaction to scream about "lines of communication." But if we want to effect any real change in Harvard's conduct, we'll have to build a mass movement willing to fight the Corporation at every turn and unwilling to be co-opted by token "places in the decision-making process." We'll be stronger next fall, and stronger still next spring, because we're finally heading in the right direction.

"The Student Question" is an international one, but in Spain the discontents of the young take a necessarily muted form. This year, after a brief confrontation between students and the police, the University of Madrid has returned to a peace behind which the old muttering goes on. Other work by Miss Buchanan appeared in our spring issue.

cynthia buchanan

MADRID: LA CUESTION ESTUDIANTIL

JANUARY 30: In a move to cope with mounting political and student dissent, last week Generalissimo Francisco Franco approved the Cortes *decree imposing on Spain a three-month State of Exception. Suspended civil liberties enable police to search without warrant, hold prisoners indefinitely without charge, exile residents from their home provinces, and stifle free speech, while this pronouncement came as a surprise to many Spaniards who say they had not been informed they had ever* possessed *these liberties.*

Madrid on the surface appears tranquil. Much of the drama which was realized before the University here was closed—the burning of pictures of Franco, the demon-

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strations, the policing, the arrests, and the exiling—fades into talk in lower case letters, in cafes, apartments, among friends. That *El Caudillo* received pressure from his generals to impose the State of Exception is a common opinion. There is the feeling that the government executed it for several reasons: the possible enthronement of Juan Carlos, the renewal of the American military bases, the imposing of a *ley sindical* to control the workers, and that no one knows how the Spanish people will react to these shiftings.

Manolo, a graduate assistant in the College of Philosophy and Letters at the University, talks quietly in his apartment, spreading a newspaper on his lap. *Nuevo Diario*. "See this? Before, it carried news of the University. Now? Nothing. What the government wants to do by censoring—or controlling; call it what you will—is give an appearance that nothing is happening here in Spain. And I know only what I hear from others, only what I'm able to read in foreign newspapers." Manolo, who subscribes to *Le Monde*, saves clippings about what is taking place in Madrid, Barcelona, and the Basque provinces and reads them to friends in his apartment. "The university thing—what the students are after is academic reform."

Fomenting in Spain since the last century, this *cuestion universitaria* has at its core the conflict between a University which yearns for autonomy and a state which intervenes. Academic life in this country, although inseparable from the long and turbulent realities of Spanish history, may also have a germ in events beyond the Pyrenees, as indicated recently in the *London Times*, "There are today important similarities in all the crises affecting universities of several countries which were once inspired by the Napoleonic conception of the university as a diploma-bestowing institution at the service of the state. In Spain this has been aggravated by the fact that reactionary governments have always expressly entrusted the university with the mission of training the youth in their ideology. This has led to a prolonged war between academics and the state which has consistently damaged the quality of Spanish intellectual life."

A friend of Manolo's arrives now with a bottle of *tinto*, pushing books, overflowing ashtrays, and a man's tie to one side on the coffee table to line up jelly glasses for the wine. Manolo continues: "The University's educational system is totally outdated, and the students' demand for reform is purely a technical one. There are a series of atavisms which are simply ridiculous; the last educational reform of any kind in Spain was in 1868!" The friend says, "*Es una mierda,*" and pours the wine. Manolo explains that the University chairs—*cátedras*—are posts for life. (The chairs belonging to Salvador Madariaga and Jose Ortega y Gasset remained unoccupied during the entire time of their exile, as did that of Ramon Menendez Pidal, unwell for many years, who died this winter at the age of 99.) In order to obtain one of these *vitalicia* positions, a candidate for the chair must pass a series of competitive examinations given by a tribunal whose members are sometimes ideologically opposed to the candidates. On the board may be members of the Opus Dei, the powerful Catholic organization which operates outside the Church. (Last year a scandal took form connected with a chair of Economics at the University of Barcelona. The *oposiciones* were given in Madrid. One of the candidates was a liberal economist held to be one of the most learned and prestigious in Spain but who received a number two rating from the tribunal, while an allegedly inferior candidate won the number one. When the latter was sent to Barcelona to occupy the chair, the students refused to accept him, and he resigned.) Manolo looks into the wine in his glass, swirling it.

"*Y immobilismo,*" says the friend suddenly, hot, smoking. "What happens is the *catedrático* has become a type of divinity. Nobody can criticize him, nobody can touch him." Only those who hold chairs are paid well. The rest of the staff teaches for a pittance, adds Manolo. "I earn 1,500 *pesetas* a month. Do you wonder that half of Spain must look for moonlighting jobs? Could you teach for twenty dollars a month?"

Two more friends arrive, throwing off their coats, joking, using the hard, lively, popular profanities of Spain. One says that the students are a generation which did not make the Civil War. The student protest is a complex thing. It is a professional question in that the students, the future professionals, feel they will eventually be the ones to suffer. Lawyers, as an example, cannot find work, owing to a small degree of circulation in positions. Manolo has heard some are working as cab drivers, but now the first friend, his name is Jorge, interrupts to explain Manolo is only using a common Spanish hyperbole—" 'If I don't find something soon, in my free hours I'll have to work as a *taxista!* ' " He uses the interruption to criticize ideological exploitation in the University. "Marx and Engels, prohibited. And in political science classes, the professors explain the history and nature of politics up until World War I, then they dodge such phenomena as Facism like a skier on a slalom run."

"Yet one of the paradoxes of censorship is that you can buy Marx here. And other things. Come in here." Manolo goes into a bedroom of a roommate and pulls books from a shelf. He lowers his voice and looks out the window at the lighted kitchen of a neighboring apartment. Rather than melodrama, his action seems to be a reflex. One of the books is *Guerra y Revolucion en Espana*, by a group of political exiles, published in Moscow and purchased in the Rastro flea market in Madrid. The other publication is *Cuadernos Para el Dialogo* (Notes toward a Dialogue), founded by Ruiz Jimenez, a past minister in Franco's regime, who resigned and is now a leader of one of the Christian Democrat parties. Allegedly an anti-Franco magazine, *Cuadernos* can be found at bookstores and newsstands. Yet according to Manolo, the magazine is read only by intellectuals and is therefore no actual threat to the Franco regime, since to mount a sustained critical effort with results, agitation and leadership must come from the workers, the uneducated,

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who would never pick up this magazine off the newsstands.

"'Why, look!' the government can say, 'Proof that Spain does not object to opposition literature. Look at this magazine filled with criticisms of *El Caudillo*, and it can be bought anywhere!'" Pedro Lain Entralgo, once Rector of the University of Madrid and now a member of the liberal opposition, who has said that today in Spain the student who does not dissent is either uninformed due to lack of intelligence or information or is uninterested, lacking ethics, recently published "The University Problem" in *Cuadernos*.

Manolo waves away the idea that student demonstrations in Paris, Tokyo, or San Francisco have stimulated the university unrest here. "It's that all over the world, students are restless. As Marcuse says, students are an unplaced minority. They're unsettled, without the 'stability' of the working and professional classes buying refrigerators and television sets." And the popular feeling that there is Communist influence in the recent ferment at the University of Madrid? A rather limp supposition, he says. "That twenty-one-year-old boy . . . student or agitator or whatever . . . the students say someone, the police, pushed him. I, of course, don't know. His death, I think, was a spark resulting from the turmoil already going on in the University before they closed it down. And I also think *ABC* showed poor form in publishing his diary."

"'. . . A prolonged war between academics and the state . . . has consistently damaged the quality of Spanish intellectual life.'"

The death of the boy, a few days before the January 24 closing of the University, has provoked speculation in all quarters. In one of the discotheque-y now-spots in Madrid, a young Spaniard tells me that the dead boy was a friend of his and definitely a far Left activist. The police, who were present when he fell from the seventh story window of a building, found implicating papers and a diary, later published in the newspaper. The friend is careful to emphasize that the diary was completely unrelated to the boy as an agitator. Perhaps more of a Dag Hammarskjold *Markings* sort of journal. From that, the police deduced that the boy was poetic, therefore "unstable" and had jumped from the window. Later, a girl with short, bushy black hair, who wears the plaid kilt-skirt and knee socks seen on many Spanish coeds, says no. "He committed suicide when the diary was found with the entries about the power this other homosexual had over him, who *was* passing pamphlets and *was* involved. The family would have it hushed up, preferring the boy be thought of as an agitator." Another report: the police arrested the boy, took him some place to register him, but did so in front of only one person, which was one illegal step since Spanish law requires more than one witness be present. Next, they removed the handcuffs, which was also illegal. Third, they did not watch him; they turned their backs, giving him an opportunity to escape. Thus it could be said he was "killed while escaping." One more account holds that the boy was keeping the diary as an aid to his psychiatrist, and although it may have contained some allusion to the other boy, the dead student was in love with a girl.

Upon his death, there were the actions at the University—the disputes, the demonstrations, the hanging of the black banner of mourning in the Law school. The last Friday, a door squeaked open in a literature class, and a beadle-janitor tiptoed in to whisper in the instructor's ear. "All right," the instructor told her class, "put on your coats and leave quietly, don't run. And go home." Apparently, officials had given the University some fifteen minutes to clear the campus. Trucks with water hoses punctuated the campus, and the *grises*, the gray-clad police, were out in numbers, on foot and on horseback.

A rumor travels that many of the *grises* selected for university patrol are handpicked from rural areas. They are men who have never had the chance to study, to advance, to rise in society, and supposedly they therefore nurse a certain resentment towards the students. One student says the only recourse when involved in a demonstration in which the *grises* employ rock-throwing as a dispersal tactic is to tuck one's head in his collar and run. "*Zas! Zas!* Against the aim of those country boys, you don't have a chance." But someone else has seen that the rock-throwing was on the part of the demonstrators, not the *grises*. And still another tells of watching a student make a gesture of hello to someone in a carful of reporters, and immediately the *grises* closed in on the car with their clubs. (In the end, whatever the Iberic nature of any of these student-police clashes, there are those who compare them with the confrontations taking place on campuses on the other side of the Atlantic.)

Who is "hard-core?" Who peripheral? How many of the 50,000 students at the University actually participated in the demonstrations? Of those who did, how many did so giggling, eyes shining: *Isn't this fun? Let's chant along, too. Get the police out of the University!* "Agitators?" says one sidelines student. "High spirits, possibly, but agitators, no."

Rafael, who calls himself a Marxist (known in Spain as *criptomarxista*) talks evasively in a student cafe on the Paseo de la Castellana, saying he might go to Cuba when he finishes his studies. He and his friends read Mao, and Che they read with real affection. They speak of things on an international scope. They feel Spain is hopeless; they are depressed. They prefer to be excited about Cuba, about China, about what may come to pass in Latin America, and they hint that they may very well head for there. About Rafael and his friends, others say these are starry-eyed and without organization or direction. "What needs to be done is to organize to solve the university problem first," says a homely boy over a plate of *cocido*, "but it only reflects the problems at the root of the whole form of government."

Why do so many students have no objection to the suspension of their classes? "The educational system is

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such that nobody feels he misses anything important. Oh, perhaps in the sciences, where laboratory work is so necessary, and I understand that they have kept the laboratories open, although the rest of the University is shut up tight. But all in all, there is little intellectual atmosphere, little study atmosphere in the University. It's a pity. This is one reason the students mount these *ocupaciones de cátedra,* in which they enter a classroom and present the *catedrático* with a series of academic and political criticisms." (Many *catedráticos* escape beforehand if they have learned of the *ocupacion* from the posted announcements.) A Juan Jose states he is not a Communist, not a Marxist, not a Socialist, not anything; yet he is absolutely and thoroughly in favor of change, and for him any particular system, any party line, is as big a fraud as the next, which is why he claims not to affiliate with any. (This anti-label, possibly apolitical, attitude seems to be common among Spanish youth.) What would he wish to see come to pass? Just change. And after Franco? "Nobody. Perhaps a democratic state. Yet after thirty years of the kind of government we've had, it's naive to speak of changing to 'a democratic state.' Oh, you know, everybody wants a Utopia."

The University has perhaps a sprinkling of everything politically credible, reading from left to right and including a rumored neo-Fascist knot. Two acclaimed leftist groups are the F.U.D.E., *Federacion Universitaria Democrática Estudiantil* and the F.E.S., *Federacion Estudiantil Socialista.*

Another student group, the D.U., *Defensa Universitaria,* is reputedly Falange-oriented, has no quarrel, and mounts no disturbances. One source says that, paid by the government, the D.U. alert the police to the political

" 'What are the civil liberties worth if they can be suspended at a moment's notice?' "

vicissitudes in the winds on campus, germs of demonstrations, and the identity of the leaders. A second source describes the D.U. as "the pretty boys who hang out in the cafes along Serrano Street," adding that Serrano is thought of as a sort of symbol of capitalism.

A report is that during this semi-martial 90-day period under the State of Exception, the government is moving to detect specific individuals linked to the trouble in the labor unions in Barcelona and the Basque provinces. So it has closed down the University here the better to concentrate on the labor problem, which could be more serious or, perhaps, more adult, and which has more means at its disposal to perform truly subterranean acts in Spain. Others maintain the government jailed student leaders, aware that the real nucleus is bound for ends beyond academic reform alone.

Of the suspensions of civil liberties during the State of Exception, a chemistry student says, "Do you think it's any different now than it ever has been? What are the civil liberties worth if they can be suspended at a moment's notice. We don't fool ourselves." While a pretty, nervous girl reading the newspaper *Ya* says, "Everyone exaggerates. What we have here is bland, really. And, these foreigners who meet Spaniards abroad and ask, 'So what's it like to live under a dictatorship?' " She laughs. "This question reveals an ignorance of Spain, Spaniards, and the Spanish way of life and government. And by the way, what do you think a Civil War is if not a suspension of civil liberties?"

At a party, a girl named Carmen shows me an anthology of contemporary Spanish poetry purchased in a Madrid bookstore. In it is a poem written in 1942 by Leon Felipe, a Spanish Republican who died recently in Mexico.

> Brother — yours is the estate, the house,
> the horse, and the pistol.
> Mine is the ancient voice of the land;
> you are left with everything, you stay with
> everything and you leave me naked and
> wandering through the world.
>
> Ah, but I leave you mute, mute.
> And how are you going to harvest the wheat,
> and feed the fire if I take with me the song?

She tells me that after buying the book, she found in the home of a friend an entire collection of Leon Felipe published in Buenos Aires. In it the same poem appeared as a longer version. And instead of "Brother," the poem began "Franco."

A somber young troubador, who sings Spanish poetry and was described in a review in the Madrid newspaper *Pueblo* as *"El Anti-Vedette* . . . with the face of any Andalusian worker or Renault mechanic," approximates the protest-singer-as-hero for Spanish students. This young man has taken the works of such historic poets as Francisco de Quevedo and Luis de Gongora as well as legitimate Spanish poets of this century, Rafael Alberti, Miguel Hernandez, Gabriel Celaya, Blas de Otero and Federico Garcia Lorca, and married their words with his own guitar music. The poetry—strong, Spanish, evoking El Cid Campeador, the land, the olive tree, *el dinero, la probreza,* Jaen, Granada—exudes a ghostly irony at once timely and significant in today's Spain. At an SRO concert in the Teatro de la Comedia a few months before the State of Exception, applauding among the students were Gabriel Celaya, Paco Rabal, Antonio Gades, Alfredo Manas, Blas de Otero and other contemporary literary and theatrical figures who had come to hear such songs as Celaya's poem *Espana en Marcha,* which ends with these lines:

> *A la calle! que ya es hora*
> *de pasearnos a cuerpo*
> *y mostrar que, pues vivimos, anunciamos algo nuevo.*
>
> (To the street! it's time
> to walk uncovered together
> and show that, since we are alive, we announce something new.)

(On March 24, 1969, the State of Exception was lifted.)

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THE MAN WHO READ GRAHAM GREENE

A Story by Paul Theroux

Looking up from his book on his veranda he could see Lake Albert and beyond that, on a clear day, the Congo. Mountains blocked the Ituri Forest from his view, but he knew what was behind the mountains: nearly a thousand pygmies. And in the Congo were troops fighting pockets of rebels. Whenever he sat on his veranda and looked up from his book he had these thoughts: the pygmies, the Congo, the rebels; and he had a way of including himself in this reverie.

Now he made only infrequent trips to the border. The rest of the time he sat in his office in town and fanned himself with a newspaper folded into quarters. He had wanted one of those large ceiling fans, and had even expected one to be in his office when he arrived; but there was none. They seemed impossible to buy. He had looked in the catalogues.

He was an Englishman and in charge of beer-distribution for the Western Region of Uganda, the border areas. He assigned deliveries, checked the routes, made out mileage claims for the drivers and inspected the trucks when they returned from long trips. On the return of the trucks he always probed the gas-tanks with a long wire. He had heard that Africans smuggled Congo gold in the tanks — his predecessor had told him this — and then buried it in their huts. They sold it eventually, for a pittance, to the Indian goldsmiths in town. The Englishman did not know what he would do if he found any gold; he felt sure he would not turn it over to the authorities. He would probably, he thought, divide it between himself and the driver concerned and then wait until he was back in England before selling his share. He could melt it into a convenient shape and hide it in his camera or radio. He had a number of ways of concealing the gold and thought about smuggling much of the time. But he had been in charge of beer-distribution in that region for three years now and there had never been any gold.

One day he found some Nile Perch hidden under the empty beer crates of a truck. He shouted at the African driver and warned him that carrying anything but beer was strictly forbidden by the company. The African looked worried and said that he was sorry, that he did not want the fish if it meant losing his job. He said he needed his job badly and began telling the Englishman about the sickness of his youngest child. The African was silenced in his lament and told that he was not being fired; he would not be reported, but he must never let it happen again.

That night the fish lay on the work-table in the garage. The Englishman stood over them; he was alone. One by one he sliced open the fish the length of their bellies and emptied their innards onto a newspaper. These organs he poked with a screw-driver. Each fish had been cut open in this way. No gold had been stuffed inside them. In the heat they smelled dreadful; fish-guts were piled all over the table in slippery tangles.

The Englishman gave the fish to the night-watchman and went home to bed. He felt cheated; when he felt this way he could not sleep. He flicked on the small lamp beside his bed, uncorked a whisky bottle and poured himself two inches. Then he reached for a book. The books were heaped on the bed next to his; this bed was pushed against his own and had a bare mattress. The Englishman had several times brought African girls home from the town bars and made love to them on that bed, on that bare mattress, without moving the books.

The book he chose was a familiar one. He looked at the cover. The torn dust-jacket had been patched with tape and the tape had yellowed and gone brittle. Where there was no tape the dust-jacket was stained. But the title was clear and the figure of a man with his head on a small table could be made out; a window in back of the man gave the only indication of where he was, for outside the water-colour window in five green strokes of a brush was a tree, a palm tree. The man was in the tropics. On the table in the picture was a whisky bottle and an empty glass. Another brush-stroke near the window suggested a torn curtain, limp perhaps in the airless tropical room.

The man in bed did not read the book. He placed it on his stomach and rested his glass on it. He lifted the glass three times before he emptied it; he drank with purpose, tilting his head back slightly. He put two more inches in the glass and stared through the whisky to the

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book title. He had read the book and liked it. He would not have used it to rest his glass on if he had not read it and liked it. He would not have used an unread book to rest his glass on. This particular book (he glanced at the window on the dust-jacket picture and then out his own window where he also discerned the faint outlines of a palm tree illuminated by the light in his room) was about a man who drank heavily and who was famous and came to Africa so that he could get away from it all. It was not the end of the man's problems. People would not leave him alone, and he was in a strange country, a very hot place where he drank and wanted to do the right thing. He was in the Congo and wondered about God. In the end he died by accident. He did not deserve to die, but he was among people who did not understand him and so he spent much of his time with his head on the table and the whisky bottle nearby. It was by Graham Greene.

That was the Englishman's favorite author. He bought the books in hardcover because there was always more of a description of the books on the dust-jacket of the hardcover. He did not like the adjectives on the paperbacks, and the description was only a sentence or two. And once he had thought that if he had only paperbacks he would have to find something else to rest his glass on when he was in bed and drinking. The paperback would topple the glass. And so the Englishman always bought the books when they first appeared, and he waited for their arrival with impatience. They came from England to Mombasa by sea-mail, then to Nairobi, Kampala and by train to the local post office. It was always a long wait, but it was always worth it because Graham Greene wrote *stories*, not symbolic books. Graham Greene had suspense; he understood loneliness, liquor, the tropics, and men who see filth all around them and look for a way out. There was love in the books, but more than love, there was heat and disorder. Out of that heat and disorder a man had to make his life. There was only one book of Greene's he had not liked. That one was about a boy and his sister in Sweden. There was no reason for the story to be placed in Sweden or for Greene to have written about it. The book was a freak. Sweden was a cold, clean country and no one drank very much there. The boy was foolish. He was too young to have problems. It was a disappointing story.

The Englishman finished his second whisky and turned out the light. Outside, the bats squeaked on the eaves and in the grass the locusts set up a racket of noises; there were squawks of night birds, and when there was a coincidental lull in these familiar noises, a loud steady hum persisted that was very nearly electric. As the Englishman slid off to sleep, the whisky a warm ribbon that extended from his throat to his belly, he thought of the fish he had ripped open in the garage, hoping for gold but finding only blood and entrails. During the night he turned over in bed and knocked the Graham Greene book onto the floor. The strange sound of the book fluttering to the floor, almost splashing, woke him; with a sigh he went back to sleep.

At ten o'clock the next morning the Englishman looked at the route-chart and discovered that one of the drivers had not returned from a border trip. It was a dangerous road, fifty-six miles of curves which extended into the Congo unofficially; the pygmies lived there with another tribe for whom they made poison. Very few people ventured into the area because it was as pointless scenically (the thick forest afforded no views) as it was dangerous. But the African was eight hours overdue and his truck was to be used by a second driver who was, by the middle of the morning, to have been on his way to the copper mine, fifty miles south.

Four Africans stood in the shade of the garage and spoke their own language.

"I want to know where that man is!" demanded the Englishman.

"Someone this morning say that he caught by soldiers," said one of the Africans.

"Which soldiers? Congolese soldiers?"

"No, bwana," said the African.

"Uganda Army?"

"No, bwana. Someone say the driver he caught by other soldiers from Stanleyville side. *Simba* soldiers who like Lumumba."

"Is this the truth?"

The Africans were silent.

"I want to know if this is the truth! If I find that it isn't, you're all fired for trying to protect a bad worker. Do you understand?"

They nodded.

"He lying," said one suddenly. "The driver he drunk in Bundibugyo I hear this morning."

"Now I have two stories. One he is captured; two, he is drunk. Which is it?"

"He drunk," said another.

A third confirmed the story of drunkenness and even said that he thought he knew exactly where the driver was; his truck was with him.

"So he's not captured by soldiers, is he?" The Englishman turned to the first African and eyed him.

"He captured by soldiers, *simba* soldiers," said the African avoiding the Englishman's eyes, staring at the Englishman's thick shoes.

"I don't believe it. He's drunk, and when he comes back you're going to lose your job."

The African said nothing.

The Englishman went home to drink. He sat on his veranda with a book open on his lap, but he was not looking at it. He stared across the hazy distance to the Congo. The Congo was blue; nearer, at the lakeshore, the ground and air seemed to be yellow. Nothing stirred. And there were no noises around the house; everything was absolutely still, with no odor except that of dust, although there were birds in the flowering bushes and the garden was streaked with the colors of flowers. In this silence the Englishman imagined terror everywhere, death and violence in the Congo which looked simply blue; in the garden, snakes; in the forest, savages dip-

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ping arrows into poison. The Englishman on the veranda, calmed by whisky, stared expressionlessly into the Congo. He thought of the African: drunk or captured by rebel soldiers?

With each successive drink the soldiers grew more real and the Englishman almost thought he saw signal-fires of the *simbas* across the lake. He refilled his glass three more times, putting a bit more in the glass each time. At quarter to four he looked at his watch and realized that he was late for work and drunk. Driving back to his office he thought of the African who had not turned up, but there was no plan in his mind, not even a suspicion, and he was as surprised as the Africans in the garage when, on arriving, he heard himself say, "I want three of you. We've got to save that man."

The Africans had their eyes on the Englishman. They had responded to the two sentences, but now said nothing; they backed away.

"What are you doing? Didn't you hear me? I said we're going in there to save that man. That truck's worth a hundred of you as well . . ."

The Englishman was furious, but his mind turned slowly; he could almost feel it turning, like a large heavy wheel. He stamped into his office and thumped his fist on his desk; as he did this he remembered that he had another bottle in the drawer. This he took out and swigged.

An African stood in the door.

"What do you want?"

"We ready to go, bwana. We want find driver and truck."

The Englishman said nothing more. When the African left, the Englishman grunted and swigged the bottle again.

It was nightfall when they left. The three Africans (the fourth said he would stay behind) rode in the front seat of the Land Rover; the Englishman sat in the second seat with a pistol in his pocket and the whisky bottle between his knees. His head slumped over and he dozed as the vehicle jounced on the rutted road. He awoke as they were crossing the valley-bottom, the smooth portion where the vehicle speeded up. The unique feeling of speed in that wild place caused the man to come awake and he said, "Any sign of him?"

"Nothing," said the driver.

"We've got to find that man. Everybody has a right to live. We can't just leave him there, can we? What if it happened to you or me?" He continued to talk, but his speech was slurred, thickened by the whisky; the rest of what he said was not intelligible to the Africans in the front seat.

At midnight they discovered they had taken a wrong turning. They corrected it by driving back the way they came, but at one-thirty were still not on the road they wanted. The Englishman said they would have to stop for the night and start again in the morning when they were fresh.

One of the Africans said it was too far to drive all the way back to town.

"Is there a settlement near here?" The Englishman's words came slowly.

"About five miles. There are shops, few houses."

"We'll go there."

The settlement was very small. There were two shops, locked and shuttered for the night. The square cement shops were flanked by small mud huts with tin roofs which gleamed in the moonlight. A dog slept on the road.

When the four men got out of the Land Rover the three Africans immediately bunched together and began muttering. The Englishman paid no attention; he had taken out his pistol and was looking around the settlement.

The Englishman spoke. It came in a burst, very loudly: "We can't sleep on the ground! We'll have to wake somebody up!" He moved away from the Land Rover holding the pistol unsteadily, but found he had difficulty walking. He had to go back to lean against the vehicle. Yes, he thought, I am very drunk. He sucked in a long breath. It gave him no relief: the hot dark air seemed to burn his throat; his head felt heavy with alcohol and in a dazed moment he wondered what he was doing there, in that deserted road, holding a pistol. It came to him: soldiers, the truck, the driver, and in this series of items came an odd word, unexpected, *Africa*. He did not question it. He turned toward the three Africans.

"You want him to die?" He had not planned the sentence. It simply tumbled out; but when he said it he knew why he was standing there on the road with the pistol in his hand.

"He not die from getting drunk, bwana."

"He's *not* drunk! He's being held prisoner by those soldiers! You don't care if he dies — death means nothing to you. You see people die all the time . . ." The Englishman was shouting. A light went on at the back of one of the shops. The man stopped shouting and turned toward the light. "Go over there," he said still staring at the lighted window. "Go over there and tell that man we want beds, we need a place to sleep."

One African shrugged and then ambled over to the window. He returned a few moments later and said there was an Indian inside who had heard the shouting. He would only speak to the white man.

The Englishman stumbled away from the Land Rover and went to the window. He demanded a bed for himself and mats for the Africans.

The Indian said that he had no spare beds, but he would give them tea. After that they could go on their way. He spoke in Swahili.

"Let me in," said the Englishman.

The Indian unbolted the door and let the Englishman into the sitting-room. He was clearly worried. He said that he did not want trouble, that it was very late. But he would give him tea, he said.

"Give tea to my Africans," said the Englishman with belligerence in his voice. "They're people, too."

The African housegirl was roused. She made tea for everyone. The three Africans drank theirs outside.

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Neither the Englishman nor the Indian drank any, although the filled cups sat on a table near them. The Englishman shouted for one of the Africans to bring the whisky from the Land Rover. When it was brought, the Englishman drank some from the bottle and then offered the bottle to the Indian. The Indian refused; he said he did not drink spirits. Some minutes passed, the Englishman swigging from the bottle, the Indian hunched over in silence.

"Do you believe in God?" asked the Englishman finally.

"No English," said the Indian with a slight smile.

The Englishman did not know how to put the question in Swahili. He could say *Do you like God?* or *Do you want God?*, but not *Do you believe in God?* For a moment he wondered why he said it. He was tired and wanted a place to sleep and should have asked for that. He reflected that although his question sounded strange, it was not either foolish or inappropriate.

"We are searching for a man," said the Englishman in Swahili.

The Indian did not reply.

"You don't care, do you?"

"It's none of my business," said the Indian.

"You *don't* believe in God, do you?" said the Englishman switching back into English.

"Please speak Swahili," said the Indian. He yawned and looked at his watch.

The Englishman was now silent. He felt uneasy and, when he glanced around the room at the dusty plastic flowers, at a faded color-print of an Indian goddess with many arms, then looked out the window and saw his own reflection in the pane and shutters beyond that, he became worried and anxious. On the floor was a newspaper in an Indian language. The room had no character; the Englishman could find no adjectives to describe it, not even "dull" or "seedy". He wished he was in his own house drinking whisky with the small lamp on and the palm tree outside. He put his glass down and, still staring at the Indian, pulled his pistol out of his pocket. He did not know why he did this, but when the Indian put his hands over his face and sobbed, the Englishman was reassured and calmed somewhat.

"What do you want, bwana?" said the Indian pathetically through his fingers.

"I want . . ." The Englishman stopped speaking and thought a moment. Then he said, "I want only a bed . . ."

"You can have mine," said the Indian quickly. "Anything."

"And I want that African girl."

"Please put the gun down," said the Indian. "You're making me afraid."

"The girl," said the white man. His voice was hard, like a gangster's.

The Indian called the girl. She entered the room and stood there, lingering near the doorway, shy and barefoot, with sleep in her eyes. She was thin, but had strong square shoulders; a cloth was knotted over her head. "Yes, bwana," she said softly.

"Come here," said the Englishman putting down his pistol. The girl walked to within a few steps of the man and then stopped. He took her arm and pulled her to him. She hid her face. As the Englishman fumbled with her he said to the Indian, "Find my boys a place to sleep! Go find some beds for them!"

The Indian went outside. The Englishman heard him tell the Africans to follow him.

"What do you want?" asked the African girl.

"You," said the Englishman.

The girl bit her lip.

The Englishman picked up his pistol and pressed the muzzle into the girl's side. She looked at it and screamed and tried to pull away. At that moment the Indian came through the door.

"Don't hurt her, please," said the Indian.

The girl wrenched free of the Englishman, and as she did so, he reached for her.

The pistol exploded. There was a flame and a small curl of smoke from the barrel. The girl shrieked; she fell to the floor whimpering. The Indian did not move. The Englishman rose and looked at her. She was lying at his feet with her face flattened against the floor.

"See if she's hurt!" shouted the Englishman.

The Indian knelt down. "Her arm," he said. "It is not serious." The Indian's voice was barely audible; he showed the girl's blood on his fingertips.

"Get some bandages for her," said the Englishman. His voice was high, no longer rough; it seemed the voice of a young man.

After the Indian left the room there was silence. The Englishman saw that the girl was breathing. The girl's eyes were shut tightly; blood leaked out of her arm. Now the Englishman was sure he wanted to leave, to go away. Standing there with the pistol in his hand, his eyes fogged, he wondered with fatigue — now the paradox seemed unanswerable — why he had come. He thought of his quiet house — there were no people there, only animal noises; the bed, the bottle, the stack of books. He had a visual image, very sharp, of the large fish, gutted and strewn on the worktable. There was no gold. The driver was drunk, collapsed in a hut somewhere and wheezing alcohol. The Englishman felt tangled, misunderstood, cheated. He was angry; each separate image was a humiliation. He would go back, not to his house, but to his own country.

He turned and started through the door. He was on the threshold when he felt a wild punch against his back and chest, followed by searing pain and a thundering in his ears. He dropped his pistol and felt his chest go soft in his fingers. He saw red and then black; and in the same instant he fell forward through the door, into death.

The Indian stood in the corner of the room holding an old shotgun. His face was tight and grey. "Get up!" he shouted to the African girl. "You're not hurt, there's nothing to be frightened of. The others are locked in the back room."

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The Massage Is Insufficient

Sometimes it comes half concealed by a larger message. Other times it is tossed off, like an actor's throw-away line. Still other times it meets us head-on, insisting upon our attention. It may come in statistical form; as forceful assertion; as subtle suggestion. But, presented subtly or blatantly, gently or harshly, the message is clear: this is the electronic age.

Forty million viewers watched "Laugh In" last night. Television is now our most effective advertising medium. Electronics have changed politics in America. Riot, famine and war are served up with the evening meal. Remoteness from the troubled peoples of the world is no longer possible. State funerals take place in the living room.

The ubiquity of television is noted over and over in books, newspapers and periodicals. The medium itself revels in its own pervasiveness and solemnly proclaims its own importance. Educators insist that children are thoroughly educated electronically long before they set foot in the school, and that they continue to learn far more from the tube teacher than they do in the schoolroom.

Psychologists and sociologists press the point that television no longer merely reflects the mores of its massive audience, it now directs them. It sets the standards. It determines behavior patterns.

Avalanches of statistics. Scholarly assertions. Popular proclamations. All of this to persuade us that the electronic age is here; that the central fact of that age, and hence of our lives, is television; and that television, unlike earlier media, such as print, is non-linear, that its impact is total, coming at us all at once, a mosaic instead of a single line, and that its major effect upon us is that of an electronic massage.

Let us agree that we do, indeed, live in an electronic era. There is no gainsaying the demonstrable facts that millions of people spend countless hours in front of television sets, and that behavior has significant effects psychological, ethical, aesthetic and probably physical on them. But let us understand that the electronic label is applied to our age in the same sense that the steam label was applied to an earlier one. That is, electronics today, as steam yesterday, is an important fact of our existence. It is not, however, the only fact of existence. In an important, but *limited* way, then, this is the electronic age.

If, to illustrate that limitation, we cared to play the numbers game, so dear to the hearts of the electronic age proclaimers, in response to the claims of thirty to sixty-five million viewers of one show or another, it might be pointed out that of two hundred million Americans all but a handful have a minimum of one direct communicative exchange a day with one or more persons. Most have many more than one. Thus we could win the numbers game hands down.

Similarly, it could be pointed out that the alleged linearity of print is largely illusory. No communication takes place through the medium of print until some human being brings his energy and skill to bear on the black marks on paper, responding to their patterns of stimulation in meaningful ways. The reader responds to the print, *can* respond to the print, only because he brings his own "mosaic" to the reading. Although the words are arranged in lines, and the eye scans them linearly, the reader responds as a total being, as a person with a past, a present and an expectation of a future, with various pressures, inclinations, habits, and proclivities, all impinging upon the simple act of perceiving the printed words and reacting to them. That makes reading, like watching television, a mosaic experience.

In similar vein, it could be pointed out that, while the television set is ubiquitous, it is often ignored, or attended to casually, by people who tend to do other things while the set is on. That is, reading, eating, conversing, playing cards, drinking, even sleeping, while the twenty-four inch eye glows and the images move, tends to be the rule, not the exception. We have learned to live with the omnipresent tube by developing the ability mentally to tune it out for much of the time that it is on.

Complementing the ability not to pay attention to television, even when it becomes insistent, is a remarkable ability to sense, automatically, when to pay attention. No doubt this testifies to the utter triviality of the bulk of what is transmitted into our homes via television. If we do not pay constant attention we have learned that we won't be missing much. At the same time, it has become a part of our electronic training to know when to tune back in.

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But all of this sounds like an effort to refute the claim that this is the electronic age. Since that is not my purpose, I shall educe no more arguments along this line. Instead, I shall reiterate my earlier agreement with the notion that this is the electronic age, and go directly to the main point —that, despite this being the electronic age, the pervasive electronic media are not satisfying important human communication needs. The massage is insufficient.

To be human is to be gregarious. Voluntary human isolates are rare. Forced isolation is traditional extreme punishment. But television is an isolating device. The individual sitting alone, attention locked into the screen, is removed from the human contacts which define reality for him. He is in a fantastic, unreal world, a world inhabited not by full-scale human beings with whom he can interact, but by shadowy, flat, non-dimensional doll-figures which go about their activities paying no attention to him. If he identifies with the doll-figures; if he becomes a part of their world, thus allowing them to define his world and himself, he loses touch with the real world. Then he becomes part of a distorted, limited world peopled by beings with whom interaction is impossible. A tragic form of self-induced psychosis.

Fortunately, few people go that route. Millions, however, do what, on the face of it, appears equally illogical. At the flick of a switch on that ever-present television set, one can bring into his living room drama to be enjoyed without the hazards of bad weather, the inconvenience of dressing, the discomfort of poor seats or a crowded theatre, and, of course, without the expense of tickets and transportation. Yet, last evening nearly one-half million Americans left the informality and convenience of their homes, abandoned the readily available contents of their refrigerators, and traveled to theatres, halls, gyms, lofts and basements to attend live plays.

Last November, Saturday the 9th, thousands of Americans left their warm houses with the screens on which football could be seen better than in any stadium, and went off to pay for the privilege of sitting on hard benches in cold stadiums to see what they could of hundreds of football games.

Church services, or church-related programs, are broadcast every Sunday morning on television and radio. Yet, in every hamlet, village and town hordes of people pour out of their homes to attend live services.

Illustrations could be multiplied: attendance at concerts, art shows, speeches. But the point would remain the same. There are audiences made up of millions of persons every day and every night seeking out performances, demonstrations, speeches, games by full-dimensional, complete living human beings in natural color.

It is illogical that this should be so. It takes effort, it is inconvenient, it is expensive, and the destination sought is usually less comfortable and pleasant than the home that is left. Such behavior is comprehensible only if some urgent need cannot be satisfied at home. Since all of the events which are sought out have their electronic counterparts available in the homes, it can be assumed that the quest of the millions is not merely for the entertainment, or game, or sermon—the content— which they could have equally well at home. There must be a need which the electronic media do not satisfy, an urgent need, strong enough to impel people to go to considerable effort to satisfy it.

What that need is has already been suggested. It is the need for direct human contact, the need to experience other people, unmediated, the need to be in communication with others like oneself. We sense that we discover what we are, not by exposure to phantoms on screens, but by direct relationships with other human beings.

That is precisely what is absent in the television viewing situation, and precisely what is present in the live situation: the opportunity to interact directly with other people, preferably a sizeable number, more than two or three in a living room, and to have the focus of the interaction another human being who is accessible, vulnerable, capable of being affected by our presence.

The television performer, speaker, or play is dehumanized, remote, inaccessible, invulnerable. We can have no impact upon him. If he is the President, we can call him a name to his face, and nothing will happen to us or to him. He will go on talking, imperturbable, impervious, remote.

In addition, whatever is shown on television, whether the violence of Vietnam or the pastoral peace of a Vermont farm, is trivialized. It is trivialized by interruptions. Whatever significance it has is made insignificant because it must give way to the commercial messages which periodically interrupt. Since it is trivial, we do not hesitate to treat it as trivial. Hence, we view horrible violence, real and fictional, between bites of pizza and sips of beer. We provide a popcorn—or pretzel—munching accompaniment to great musical artistry. Trivial behavior in the presence of trivial events.

We do not do this when we attend a live speech event, a play or a concert. To these we bring a consciousness of significance, a desire to participate, a readiness to respond, a willingness to become involved. We come knowing that something important is going to happen, and that we are going to contribute to it. We know that it is going to happen because we are here, and because we want it to happen. We have gone to considerable trouble to get here. Our presence testifies to the significance of the event. The content may turn out to be trivial, but the event is not.

Human society is a communication system. All modes of communication are of value to that system. But the mode that we sense is indispensable to our continued development as human beings, is direct interaction with others of our kind. That is what being human is all about. That is what we seek when we leave the comfort and security of our television-centered homes to join others for a live communication experience. For that, an electronic massage is not a sufficient substitute.

—Edward Thorne

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A STORY BY JOSEPH SANDER

THE FAMILY:

A TALE OF LONG AGO

The mountains skip like rams,
the hills like young sheep . . . .

In the living room, Paulie Felsen reached his hand in back of the gas logs in the fireplace to make sure that his big chocolate bunny was still where he had hidden it the night before; then he climbed up on the warm magazines piled across the window seat over the radiator and looked out to see what Easter was.

Between the large shadows of moving clouds he felt the sun on his bare arms. As he looked down from the third floor apartment to the intersection the four stoplights winked, quietly changing their colors in pairs and with his mouth he imitated the clicking noises he knew the green control box on the corner was making. Two negro women with scarves tied around their heads pushed into the wind toward the lake shore where the hotels were. A double-decker bus puffed up to the corner and stopped for the light. Paulie made a click and laughed as the light changed on time and the bus jerked forward. He ran his eyes against the moving clouds and looked toward the lake and saw the several top stories of the Shore Arms Hotel standing squat and massive in a block-long line over the apartment houses across the street. Smoke skimmed off the top of its chimney blackening the alley wall around it in streaks. On top of the hotel was a tower and atop the tower was a flag, a tremendous American flag that flapped and sputtered so directly at him that he could only see the tail of it flashing back and forth. On top of the flagpole a red light snapped on and off to warn airplanes.

His brother came in with his coat on. "Don't forget to bring your *tsedoka* money," he told Paulie.

"Hey, you gotta wait for me . . . you gotta wait . . .!" Paulie said, scrambling down from the window seat.

"I'm going to walk!" Howard called down the hall after him.

"I want to walk, too!" Paulie shouted back from their room where he was pulling on his shirt, "You wait!"

"I don't want to wait. I'm ready. You take a bus!" Howard said.

"Wait for your brother, Howard!" Mother called from the kitchen, "Paulie, come and eat something before you go."

When Paulie came in buttoning his leather jacket, Howard was still sitting bunched up and angry on the edge of the sofa. He brushed past Paulie through the hall. "Say good-bye to Mother," he told Paulie.

When Mother answered "Good-bye, Paulie, good-bye, Howard!" he pulled Paulie out and gave the door a good slam. The carpeting had been taken up from the steps for cleaning and the metal-capped toes of their shoes clapped against the hard wood as they ran down. Outside, Howard began to take as long a step as he was able and Paulie had to run alongside to keep up.

Howard heard the big window open three stories above him and he tried to look without turning his head. He could see the curtains flapping at each end and in between he made out mother bending over to get her head out. "Howard," she called down, "That 'good-bye' was for you, too!" but he kept on walking toward the corner. "Howard," she then called, "Put your helmet on, it's still winter out! And take Paulie's hand when you cross the street!"

He pulled his helmet on leaving the strap hanging loose under his chin. He waited for Paulie at the corner and, seizing his hand, pulled him across the street, Paulie howling and prying with his other hand to free himself. Across, Howard turned him loose and again strode off, exerting himself and listening to the fast copper click of the toe plates on the sidewalk.

His corduroy knickers whistled as he walked in silence down the boulevard, his head erect, not ever looking back at Paulie, and going so fast he was almost running. At corners he stopped and, without looking back, thrust out his hand and waited for Paulie to catch up and take it; then he walked him across, released him, and marched off again.

Howard worked his legs till they hurt up in his groin, but he didn't mind so long as the world was forced to recognize his anger.

Mother had watched until the boys disappeared and then she turned from the window with her lips still pursed and her eyebrows drawn down over her eyes and went back down the long hall to the kitchen. When she came in, Father pushed his plate away from him scraping it over the white porcelain coating on the table.

"I got to go count my money," he said. Mother stood by the table looking at him, saying nothing, as he rose. His little shoulders hunched bare outside his BVD's, he sucked his face into what he thought was a comical-idiot's look and clutching his newspaper in one hand and holding his beltless trousers up with the other he hobbled out of the room up the hall to the bathroom with his slippers knocking and dragging over the thin carpet runners. Midway up the hall he turned to see how hard she was laughing, but she wasn't even looking, she was scraping the smoked fish from the plates into a brown paper bag.

Coming out of the bathroom he took a card table

A free-lance writer from Chicago, JOSEPH SANDER recently won two Emmy awards for a television documentary, "Three from Illinois," and does work for such grander magazines as PLAYBOY *and* THE NATION.

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from the storeroom closet and set it up in front of the big window in the living room, next to the radiator. He went back for a card chair and stopped to pick up his briefcase. Sitting by the table he looked out the window and worked his hands over the warm radiator like an old miser he had once seen, way back through the years in his youth, on the vaudeville stage. What was his name now? He tried to remember and couldn't, but he could remember his entire act, he could remember every motion and every sly side-glance as he'd looked around seeking protection in his small dark room from the enemies he'd imagined everywhere.

After warming his hands and gloating out the window, he let the shade go all the way up and the sunlight streamed in over the card table. Then, still as the miser, he bent his back and opened his briefcase. He drew the walls apart at the mouth and brought his face close to it, hanging between his bent shoulders, and he pawed over the papers like the miser, just looking and gloating and remembering the act. He put the briefcase on the card table finally, and did a little dance in place while he drew out the books of his currency exchange and laid them on the table.

One of the card table legs buckled and he bent to adjust it, cackling and dancing all the time like the miser, his short lean body hanging loose like his BVD's and his flesh wrinkled somewhat along his arms where the muscles had faded and his black hair turning to grey popped out loosely from his chest where he had forgotten to button the top button. After the books, he took pencils from the case, a handful of them, with one double pencil that was red on one end and blue on the other. He seated himself, still cackling, after unloading his hoard on the table and opened one of the big black ledgers. Glancing up, he saw mother standing in the doorway with her darning basket.

"Oh, hello Selma . . ." he said, no longer being the miser, but trying to select a pencil from the pile holding up one after another to see if the point was sharp.

Mother stood in the doorway laughing at him, and when her scornful sounds had fully forced his eyes down to the ledger, she crossed the room and pulled the shade on the big window down level with the others muttering, ". . . dancing around like a nut in his underwear so all the neighbors can see in on Sunday!"

She put her basket of socks on the floor by the sofa and, standing, looked in the newspaper on the radio page and then found a station on the radio. When the sound was adjusted, she sat down on the sofa explaining, "In ten minutes the *Message of Israel* is on." He nodded and said, "Fine, fine."

The radio spoke and he worked over his books adding columns and checking balances, his mind in the far off world of gross receipts and net income, while she sorted out the socks and paired them and laid them in rows by color alongside her on the sofa. Working from the farthest row in she matched the socks to a spool of thread and then shoved the smooth wooden darning egg in and sewed, making close even stitches way beyond the hole in a big square to give support to the mend.

He had worked his feet out of his slippers and she looked up as they dropped to the floor from where his short legs hung under the chair. She dropped her hands to her lap and said, "That's how you make more work for me, Nathan; can't you keep your slippers on and not wear so many holes in your stockings?"

He stretched his feet down and hooked the slippers on again. "I'm sorry, Macushla," he said, "I don't think about it."

"No, Nathan, you don't . . . . And while we're on the subject, I want to talk to you about something else. It isn't right that on Sunday you should go around dressed like you're fresh from the ghetto and spend the day working. Howard went off mad again this morning and I'm almost sure it started because I made him change his shirt and you weren't even wearing one."

He was running his fingernails along the cuts in the tabletop from where the boys cut out model airplane parts with razor-blades. "Howard goes to Sunday school," he said, "and has to look nice. I have to be comfortable . . . I work."

"You have to set an example for your children," she countered, "They don't see their father all week. On Sunday, at least, we should all do something together they should know 'father' as something besides an old man who comes for supper."

"Am I an old man?" he asked, looking at her in a way that made her look down.

"Well, you're past fifty. To children that's very old."

"And to you, Macushla, to you . . . am I an old man?"

It came hesitantly. "You sometimes look old, dear, the way you dress up in your BVD's."

"All right Selma, go! Go bring in my new sport shirt and I'll wear it. And when the boys come back and I finish my work we'll all go for a nice drive."

Mother laid aside her darning and left the room for the shirt. He went quickly to the sofa and took her darning egg and brought it close to the light. He took his red-and-blue pencil and drew a big silly face on the smooth egg. He drew blue round ears and a long fat nose and two round eyes which he crossed and bushy eyebrows over and then a wide grinning mouth with a big red tongue sticking straight out. He laughed at it and wedged it slanting between two cushions of the sofa so she would have to see it when she sat down. Then he went back and sat at his table drumming on it with his fingers and looking up at the ceiling like he had seen men do on the stage when they wanted to look innocent.

Paulie found Howard walking towards the corner with his friends. He ran up behind and caught him by the sleeve. "C'mon, Howard . . ." he said, trying to pull him away.

"What do you mean, 'c'mon'?" Howard asked, jerking his sleeve out of Paulie's hand.

"I still got it . . . . I still got my dime!"

They all went over to Lauman's Drug Store where on

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Sunday morning until one o'clock Mr. Lauman made a nickel soda in a small Coca-Cola glass with syrup, soda water and a tiny scoop of ice-cream. Paulie and Howard went back to the fountain and the other kids stayed up front near the penny-candy counter and tried to look in the baseball gum packs without opening them to see whose picture was on the card inside.

After they each had a nickel soda they came up front and Paulie looked in at the penny candy. Howard whispered that he didn't have any money. The man was already standing there with a little brown bag to put the candy in. "What happened to your *tsedoka* money?" Paulie asked him, "You had a dime?"

"I put it in the box," Howard said, "Mr. Zinkitz said he was going to call up home and check my story."

"Why didn't you tell me before . . ." Paulie wailed, "Now I have to buy your soda and I wanted some candy."

The man was still waiting. "Well?" he said.

"He doesn't want any candy," Howard told the man, "He has to pay for my soda."

"I don't either!" Paulie said, "You asked for that soda yourself and you can pay for it yourself . . . I saw you get your allowance this morning!" Paulie smiled at the man, and the man smiled back.

"If you don't pay for it I'll tell mother what happened to your *tsedoka* money," Howard said; then to the man again, "He doesn't want any candy."

They marched up to the tobacco counter where the cash register was and Paulie paid for the two sodas. Howard's friends were still going through the baseball gum. Paulie looked at the funnies on the front of the Tribune because they didn't get the Tribune at home. Over the cigar counter a pipe ran down from the ceiling and at the bottom was a little round box with a hole in it and a flame burning inside for people to light cigars. Howard pointed at the cigar lighter and said, "Hey look, Paulie, they got one here, too!"

Paulie came over and asked, "One what?"

"An eternal light!" Howard said, "Look, just like the one in Temple!"

"Aw, that isn't what this is . . . it doesn't look like the one in Temple . . . !"

"That's because this is just a drug store, it doesn't need a fancy one. But that's what it is, all right. You couldn't blow that out if you wanted to, it just burns forever! Nothing can put it out!"

"You're crazy! Even the one in Temple goes out, I saw the guy changing the bulbs once!"

"That's the one in front, you dope . . . you don't think they'd keep the *real* one in front, do you? They took my class back there one week and we all saw it. We tried to blow it out, too, and we couldn't any of us."

Paulie got closer and looked up at the hole. The little flame was blue except the tip that flopped around was yellow. He breathed on it and the tip went back. He put one foot up on the magazine rack and got level with it and breathed again. The tip went back again.

"Go ahead," Howard said, "You can't blow it out."

As soon as Paulie started to blow it went out and he heard the hiss of the gas keeping on coming out and he climbed down from the magazine rack and looked at Howard. "C'mon, Howard, let's get out of here . . ." he said. But Howard grabbed his arm and held him and called his friends and they each grabbed on him and pulled him back to the fountain where Mr. Lauman himself was, Paulie kicking and twisting all the way.

"Mr. Lauman," Howard said, "This kid here blew your cigar-lighter out! We caught him for you."

"I didn't mean to . . ." Paulie screamed, "He told me I couldn't, Howard told me it wouldn't blow out!"

"No harm done," Mr. Lauman said, "All I have to do is light it again. But thank you for telling me about it."

They released Paulie and ran outside laughing. He caught up at the corner while they waited for the light to change and then they began to leave him behind again. "Listen Howard," he called, "You better walk back here with me!"

Howard turned elegantly around and said, "You can go to hell. I don't have to walk you home."

"Yeah, well I'll tell if you don't!"

"Go ahead, and I'll tell about the *tsedoka* money."

"Ha, ha, you *can't!* You said you wouldn't before, if I paid for the soda . . . ."

"I said I *would* if you didn't, I didn't say I *wouldn't* if you did!"

"It's the same thing!"

"No, it isn't. Now, leave me alone," Howard said, and turned back around.

"You wait till mother sees me come home alone! I won't say anything, because I won't have to, you'll see!"

Howard turned and walked backwards. He was in the middle of the group and guided himself by their shoulders. He said very slowly and very loudly, "Mother can go to hell, too!" His friends looked at him as he turned around and walked in quiet leadership.

Paulie was soon far behind. He could see the shoulders of the boys ahead bounce roughly into one another and the heads roll back in laughter. He could even hear the shrieks of fun as the boys passed the Grosvenor Theatre and chased one another around the square marble pillars in the entranceway. He decided to have some fun, too, so he began to play *stinkfish* on the sidewalk, carefully not stepping on cracks or in squares where the paving company's name appeared.

When he came to a square that had the maker's name in it he jumped and sometimes the squares were too big for his little jumps and he became a stinkfish and he couldn't go on until he gave himself the punishment given to all stinkfishes and he *frogged* himself hard on one arm with his knuckles and sometimes because of the heavy leather coat he didn't think he cracked himself hard enough so he hit himself again always in the same place on his arm just like the boys would have done and before he got very far his arm was sore and he was not hitting himself hard enough again and again so he began taking two frogs everytime he became a stinkfish so he would be sure he was playing the game right and having fun.

Under the brown leather helmet his cheeks puffed out

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roundly and the snap of the wind as he got closer to the lake made them red and the freckles hid beneath the redness except on his nose where it was only red at the tip and on the little ridge underneath. His head was bent as he went slowly along not seeing any sidewalk at all anymore just tan then wet brown as he passed the delicatessen that was closing at noon and the brown man outside with a hose wetting the sidewalk and then sweeping over it with a broom.

The boys turned the corner where the boulevard bends along the park and when Paulie looked up and didn't see them anymore he bent down again to watch the cracks go by stopping now and again when he missed to hit himself twice on the sorespot on his arm and tears came up in his eyes now each time he hit himself and he shook his head to get them away because he couldn't wipe his eyes and let the other boys even though there weren't any there see that he was crying and he knew that he was having more fun playing stinkfish than Howard and his old gang were having chasing themselves around trees and posts and banging into one another.

When he came to corners where there were stoplights he kept playing till he was across not even taking time-out but where there weren't any stoplights he would get *kings* crossing his fingers and holding them up so the guys could see he had 'em and race across the street after making sure there weren't any cars coming. Once he caught himself running across without having kings and decided he must have stepped on at least two cracks and one makers-name and he was glad he had caught himself because that was fair and he stopped and hit himself six times on the arm pausing after each two to jump around and grit his teeth until the pain went away and he could hit himself again on the sorespot only he thought the guys wouldn't take time-out in between hits so he hit himself two more times to make up for it.

He saw Howard waiting for him in the glass vestibule of the hotel across from where they lived. Paulie kept playing stinkfish right up to the place pretending he didn't see Howard, only he had stopped hitting himself keeping track of the misses for later on when he was alone. Howard came out as Paulie was going past and said, "C'mon, Paulie, we'll go up together."

Paulie didn't look up. "I'm playing stinkfish," he said, "You'll have to play, too."

"Okay."

". . . And only one frog a stinkfish, no doubles, and no holding on . . . ."

"I don't want to hit you, Paulie. I'm bigger and can hit harder, and that wouldn't be fair . . . ."

"Gee, that's right," Paulie said, "Well, what do you want to do then?"

"Well, why don't you frog me all right and everytime you stinkfish I get to take a bite out of your Easter bunny . . . ?"

"No, you can't have any of my bunny! I hid it so you couldn't steal it and I'm not gonna *give* you any."

"But that's the only way that's fair . . . otherwise there's no sense playing. Besides, you've *been* playing so you're more in practice and there hasn't been anybody around to catch you when you missed so you ought to be willing to pay something . . . I'm willing to let you hit me . . . ."

"All right, but that doesn't mean you get any show-off bites . . . just bites, regular bites . . . ."

Howard thought mother might be watching from the window so even though there was a stoplight he took Paulie's hand and brought him swiftly across. When they reached the other side Paulie raised his head and danced away. "You didn't have *kings!*" he shouted, "You didn't have kings!" Paulie raised his hand in the air to show that he had had his fingers crossed. "And you stepped on three cracks and I was watching!" So Howard had to let Paulie hit him three times on the arm. When they reached the two steps just outside the vestibule door Paulie flung up his arms with his fingers widely separated and shouted, "Oley, oley olshun free, no kings, the game's over, everybody in it, American eagle!" and the game was over. "And you don't get any of my bunny, either . . . " Paulie said to Howard as they went up the stairs.

Mother had twisted her long brown hair into a bun at the back of her head and caught all the loose strands in behind a hairnet. She sat on the sofa near the radio and was still darning socks. "That man!" she was saying about Father Coughlin on the radio, ". . . that terrible anti-semite . . . they shouldn't give him time on the air!!"

Howard and Paulie went straight to their room to hang up their coats. Howard got his off first and ran up front. He said hello and went over to daddy and watched what he was doing. Daddy made a motion with his hand for Howard to go away so he turned and walked up to the other card table mother had set up in the middle of the room. Four places were set on a white paper tablecloth. There were paper plates and wooden forks and a loaf of rye-bread was lying on a wooden board with a sharp knife alongside and there were packages in white delicatessen paper with thin white string around them and grease-spots showing colorlessly resting on plates ready to be opened and a paper-box full of potato salad. Behind the table little blue-and-yellow flames sputtered along the top and sides of the gas-logs where the little holes were plain under the light of the fire.

Paulie saw the fire between the legs of the table as soon as he came in from the hall and be began a bellowing wail as he ran around the table and stood looking down at the brown puddle that had run out under the logs across the green tiles and onto the varnished floorboards to be stopped and nursed along the edge of the carpet and he kept crying for someone to turn off the fire.

Mother jumped up quickly and snapped the gas off wondering what it was doing and then she saw the stain and bent and touched a little up on her finger and sniffed it. Howard was there, too, now and when he saw the chocolate he began to laugh and laughed backwards across the room and fell back on the sofa carefully keeping his feet off and laughed until he lost it and then kept

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on making the sounds anyway to annoy Paulie.

Father sat tight in under his table and bent himself around in his chair asking, "What's the matter? What's going on?" He asked Howard, "What's so funny?" but no one answered him because they were all so busy. Howard was laughing and Paulie was crying and mother was folding back the edge of the rug and trying to squeeze it under the leg of the big chair to keep it from flopping back into the chocolate. Paulie ran over and pushed his forehead into Daddy's chest under his arm and kept twisting his head and crying, "My bunny, my bunny!" over and over until daddy understood what had happened. Then daddy laughed a little and said, "Oh, my . . . tsk, tsk, tsk," and slowly urged Paulie out from under his arm, bending again to his books.

Mother stood up and glared at Paulie. Her fleshy face was red from bending over and the front of the hairnet had slipped down to the middle of her forehead giving her small triangulated wrinkles that stood out against her smooth shining skin. Howard could see that she was angry and stopped making the laughing noises.

"You've made a mess with that stupid bunny," she told Paulie, "and you'll have to clean it up. Though heavens knows," she continued to daddy, "that it'll take a good outside cleaning to get that stuff off the rug."

He didn't hear her. Howard had gone into another fit watching Paulie and hearing mother tell him he had to clean it up. Mother turned to him. "Stop that nonsense," she told him, " and turn off that fool radio so I can talk to your father." Paulie glowered at Howard who, having turned back from the radio, fell again into helpless foolish laughter.

"Please, please . . . . !" Daddy asked, "I'm trying to hurry before lunch . . . ."

Paulie was on his hands and knees scraping a fingerful of chocolate and putting it in his mouth. Mother grabbed his hand and shook the chocolate off back into the puddle. Howard shrieked and rolled back flat again onto the sofa. "Paulie," mother said, "You can't eat that. Not for punishment but it's full of germs. Go wash your hands and get the spatula from the stove drawer and scrape it up on some newspaper."

" . . . Can't eat any of it . . . " Howard said, drawing a new breath and spewing it out again in self-replenishing laughter. Paulie stamped out of the room to the kitchen. With Howard still laughing mother picked up the table with the food on it and moved it farther back. She unscrewed the top of the salt cellar and poured the salt on the stained rug. Her hairnet was down just over her eyes when she came and stood over Howard. "You be still now," she said, "Your father is trying to work. And you shouldn't find your fun at your brother's expense."

But Howard couldn't stop laughing. He saw his mother standing over him with a red face and snapping eyes telling him not to laugh but he wasn't really laughing anymore he was shrieking and his arms were limp and he had no muscles at all from his waist down and he just shook all over and gasped and shrieked. He did say, " . . . he hid it from me . . . he can't eat any . . . he's cleaning it up . . . " as he drew breaths but each time he snapped out in laughter again. " . . . and you look silly . . . " he said to mother noticing her hairnet and the bun at the back of her head that had slipped over to one side and hung with the big red-bone hairpins sticking out all over it looking very funny through his wet almost closed eyes like the picture of the snail in the *Things That Live* book and he rolled on his back holding his aching stomach and wishing himself that he could stop.

Mother kept telling him to be still and when he said she looked silly she gave him three to stop laughing and at each number she counted he found a fresh burst somewhere and she thought, distinctly remembering how he left the house that morning, that he was purposely defying her authority and when she said three she reached down and smacked him on the rump but he kept laughing and she jerked him sitting up by his arm and slapped him across the face with her palm making a big red spot on his cheek and he stopped laughing immediately. A tremor ran the length of his body starting at the neck in the back and going down jerking his will back into his muscles and he stood up snapping his arm out of her hand and walked swiftly down the hall to his room where he slammed the door.

Paulie had seen mother slap him and said, "Serves you right!" as Howard passed him in the hall. Daddy had drawn himself out from the table and had his big ledger under his arm. He said, "I've still got three columns to add before I'm through and I can't hear myself think. I'm going in the dining room . . . . "

"Go . . . go . . . " mother said walking over to watch Paulie scrape up the mess but he had it all on the newspaper already and ran out after daddy carrying it in both hands down the hall.

"Oh, try to have a nice home . . . " mother said, straightening up the socks on the sofa where Howard had scrambled them, "Try!" She thought a moment about Howard, reassured herself that she had done the only sensible thing even though she hated to have to hit. "And Nathan can *add* his figures . . . !" she said half aloud as she sat herself down on the sofa again, instinctively feeling her hair. She pushed the bun back in line and shoved the hairpins in and sat pursing her lips to wet a threadend for a needle and resumed darning socks.

When Paulie came back he saw it was very quiet. Mother looked up when she saw him cross the room to check to see that he had cleaned it all up. She decided to let well enough alone. It was enough that he checked, she thought and smiled to herself, a good sign. She turned the smile down to the stocking and pulled the thread tight up to the knot. The big red tongue of the face on her darning egg showed through the hole she was mending.

Paulie went over and shoved himself around in back of daddy's card table and climbed up on the warm magazines. He looked out the window and rubbing the sorespot on his arm he mumbled into the silence, slowly reciting the Pledge of Allegiance to the flag on top of the Shore Arms Hotel.

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john lindberg

NOT TO EDEN BUT DETROIT: Eldridge Cleaver as Visible Man

Like the nameless hero of Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man*, Eldridge Cleaver has gone underground. While he was with us, he was "outrageously public, perhaps the most upfront man alive." Now he has vanished into an obscurity as total as his publicity had been. If he should surface again from his portentous silence, his resurrection may well be not one of desperate, dream-bound love, as with Ellison's hero, but rather a volcanic upheaval as he exhorts his militant Black Panthers from the ramparts of slum tenements, like Achilles leaping from his tent to the wall when his men are attacked. This reversal would only be appropriate, because Cleaver seems a man who has walked in the flesh out of the prophetic pages of Ellison's novel, and his book, titled simply with his name, achieves the ultimate in the rhetoric of black expression, repudiating aesthetic artifact to use words as tools.

Cleaver's real-life career offers a reverse parallel to that of Ellison's fictional hero. While the novel's protagonist nearly concludes with a life of criminal Rinehartism, Cleaver begins as a deliberate criminal antagonist to society black and white. The fictional protagonist lives through a series of white-built cages, as he strives to accept and be accepted by those with power—Bledsoe, Brockway, Mary, Brother Jack—but in the end he can only withdraw to torture some meaning out of his grandfather's enigmatic advice, "Agree them to death and destruction." Cleaver had already rejected all comfortable cages with his first theft, and insured his real incarceration through pursuing a course of deliberate nihilistic action; the prison was his home, and from that social truth he puzzled out the enigma of himself, finally affirming, not the white world of value- and property-cages, but his own world of mystic soul and emotional freedom, welcoming into it all whites who could escape from their prisons. The novelized hero at last wins the insight to see that the white jailers encouraged the novel's concluding riot as it lets the blacks destroy one another, and he wins the wisdom to know his own guilt through helping the whites in their plot. His precious briefcase is hopelessly soiled with soot and blood. But Cleaver, a self-created and not a novelized hero, begins by forsaking innocence and pursuing experience as the way to renewal; he moves away from predatory crime to a political stance that whites cannot tolerate simply because it insists upon the human dignity and individual integrity of every black person. Any riot that ends Cleaver's career will not be a white-tolerated black quarrel, as at the end of *Invisible Man*. Instead, it will be a shoot-out between blacks fixed on freedom and whites who abhor the black march "not to Eden but to Detroit."

I do not mean to belittle the greatness of Ellison's novel, nor do I wish to assert the greatness of Cleaver's literary achievement. I only intend to show the sudden change in literary history between the two. Ellison's hero says, thinking of the faceless mass of struggling blacks who must ignore white values just to live, "We who write no novels, histories or other books. What about us?" Of course, Ellison is a black novelist, and he has just given us, prior to this anonymous comment, the murder-by-cop of black Tod Clifton, whose name means "death-by-being-split," and who has "dived outside history" in his disillusion with a society that makes him play a double role, one as man, one as impersonal agent of so-called trans-individual values. This white-fostered compulsion to live outside history if one is to be himself will bring death, Ellison's hero knows—either spiritual death through Rinehartism, or the physical death Clifton earned by refusing to let a cop push him around. Fearing such a death, and refusing to die as an "absurd" victim, Ellison's hero goes underground, and composes the novel. Thus, Ellison's purpose is to create an aesthetic artifact that will express decades of history as an act of individual contemplation. Cleaver, whose name might well be taken as the active paronym of the passive Clifton, completed his contemplation in the underground world of his fifteen cumulative years of prison life, and came out prepared to cleave the false from the true. He was determined to make history work for the blacks, and looked for a political group that made no compromise with white values. He found such a group in the Black Panther Party, who remain true to their ethnic, cultural, political, and economic origins and who refuse to blur distinct personalities into a group rationale. Thus, Eldridge Cleaver "cannot help but say that Huey P. Newton is the baddest motherfucker ever to set foot inside of history." Words do not interest Cleaver for their ambiguous aesthetic potential but for what he can make them do here and now.

Eldridge Cleaver, Post-Prison Writings and Speeches, Edited and with an Appraisal by Robert Scheer. Ramparts, $5.95

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II

Eldridge Cleaver's reputation as a writer and as an activist must stem from the acceptability of his use of words. The editor Robert Scheer explains: "One may not like the choice Cleaver offers, but since he does offer it, one is forced to find some grounds other than 'black racism' to criticize." The choice is there. Cleaver does not divide the black from the white. His microtome-eye separates by a finer discrimination: "Do you side with the oppressor or with the oppressed? The time for decision is upon you." We are told that Cleaver's parole officer has not read *Soul On Ice*. Anyone so blind as to believe he doesn't have to pay attention simply disqualifies himself from making valid critical judgments. Cleaver well knows what he is doing. He is the voice of the Black Panther Party, and the Black Panther Party and others like them are the only heroes who can free Ellison's hero from his oppressive white-dependent dream of freedom. The Black Panther Party is done with offering love and waiting for it to be taken.

So how does Cleaver use words? We are concerned here with his post-prison writings. *Soul On Ice* was for Cleaver what *Invisible Man* was for Ellison, a personal myth to prepare himself for public behavior, to make a face to meet the faces that he meets, prepared in a real rather than an imaginary dungeon. The book under review is "a first book," because it shows the revenant hero in his characteristic new posture.

A striking impression is the uniformity of the style. It has none of the shifts in diction and syntax that make so much of the charm of *Soul On Ice* as it moves from love letters to mythopoeia through social criticism. Instead, all items in the new book adopt the same tone of street-corner prophecy. The sustained note arises from at least two causes. First, Cleaver's parole officer had told him to stop public address on threat of revocation of parole, and he had complied, until Huey P. Newton was jailed and Cleaver felt compelled to defend him. Cleaver never knew when his parole officer would strike. "Living thus on borrowed time," he says, "I tried to get as much done as I possibly could before time ran out." The same sense of political urgency informs all of the material in the book. The book collects articles for *Ramparts* magazine and for *The Black Panther* newspaper, and affidavits written for Cleaver's defense after the Oakland shoot-out. In both figurative and literal senses, Cleaver wrote for his life—his life as a Panther spokesman, and his life as prisoner on a capital charge.

The second cause of the sustained note is the fact that Cleaver feels no separation between his roles of activist and writer. Unlike his personae in *Soul On Ice*, his voice in the new book addresses itself to one purpose and audience. The only function of his work is to explain his vision of blacks in white America and to justify their militancy by the logic of their situation.

This uniform purpose is the basic cause of the uniformity of the style. Cleaver seems unaware of the usual distance between word and thing. The sentences and the events they portray spring into being and transpire simultaneously. Of course we do not take as long to read of the events as the events took to occur. But with Cleaver, the mere narrative is the meaning. Out of the days of terror and hope, he distills the main outlines of historical and political events that he sees embodied in his autobiography. Where the usual essay consists of a chain of assertions each made good by a set of specific sentences, with Cleaver, the assertions themselves become the substance of the prose, because he can pass easily, with no sense of change, from the event to its causes and effects. A street-arrest or a legal quibble bear the same burden of outrage.

This declamatory use of the sentence is a new development in contemporary prose, which has preferred the paragraph as meaning-unit. And such declamatory sentences occur most often in essays of social criticism these days—Kazin's *Starting Out In The Thirties*, Baldwin's *The Fire Next Time*, Wright's *White Man, Listen!*, Goodman's *Growing Up Absurd*. The persuasive force of such writing cannot come from the alternation between individual opinion and appeal to common experience that gives the usual paragraph its rhythm of syntactic changes. Instead, the declamatory sentence relies on the establishment of a diction class, where synonyms develop the meaning through clusters of implicating images:

> For the revolutionary black youth of today, time starts moving with the coming of Malcolm X. Before Malcolm, time stands still, going down in frozen steps into the depths of the stagnation of slavery. Malcolm talked shit, and talking shit is the iron in a young nigger's blood. Malcolm mastered language and used it as a sword to slash his way through the veil of lies that for four hundred years gave the white man the power of the word. Through the breach in the veil, Malcolm saw all the way to national liberation, and he showed us the rainbow and the golden pot at its end. Inside the golden pot, Malcolm told us, was the tool of liberation. Huey P. Newton, one of the millions of black people who listened to Malcolm, lifted the golden lid off the pot and blindly, trusting Malcolm, stuck his hand inside and grasped the tool. When he withdrew his hand and looked to see what he held, he saw the gun, cold in its metal and implacable in its message: Death-Life, Liberty or Death, mastered by a black hand at last!

Obviously such language cannot be taken literally but must be seen as part of a synthesizing myth. And when Cleaver builds his myth to represent his experience, we have our choice: to reject the myth, or to reform our view of the world. With reformed vision, the metaphors are seen not as inconsistent and crude, but as imaginative hieroglyphics for an altered history.

In fact, history has altered. The table of contents of *Eldridge Cleaver* has been arranged to show how closely Cleaver's life has kept pace with larger events, almost as if the prophet were half a step ahead of his time. The first item is "Affidavit #1," and gives a brief account of Cleaver's difficulties with his parole officer after being released from prison, where he had served nine years of a fourteen-year sentence, the nine years during which he went through the conversion recorded in

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Soul On Ice. The affidavit thus relates his experience in using his new personality, his adventures as a prophet of racial peace, his constant frustrations from the Adult Authority. The next eight items are journalistic pieces, actual samples of his participation in his times. These are the things he did to make the Adult Authority and the Oakland Police Department conspire to jug him again. I repeat, these articles were the acts considered inappropriate by the Adult Authority; events clash with institutions to make history. These pieces of journalist activism include notable insights like "The Decline of the Black Muslims," "The Courage to Kill: Meeting the Panthers," and "The Land Question and Black Liberation." But the last one best illustrates the identity between historic and individual events in Cleaver's life, for it is the famous "The Death of Martin Luther King: Requiem for Nonviolence." He had not finished dictating this article (which has the same prophetic tone as his written work in this book) before he got a phone call and rushed off to the adventure recounted in the next item, "Affidavit #2: Shoot-out in Oakland." The concluding items follow directly from his arrest at the shoot-out, as do both affidavits. The first affidavit recounts his constant hampering from the Adult Authority, the second shows the practical effect of his parolers' disapproval in his systematic harrassment by the Oakland Police Department. The remaining papers are his letters to Reagan, the Stanford speech, and the farewell address— all attacks on his persecution by the direct intervention of Reagan. An appendix reprints the interview with Nat Hentoff in the December *Playboy*, set off as an appendix because it is discursive and wide-ranging, and does not work out the stylistic unity of history, autobiography, and polemic found in the other pieces.

III

A main cause of Cleaver's outrageous effect on white readers is that they take some comments out of context, and thus make them seem more bold than intended, or even reverse their meaning. When Cleaver uses obscenities, or calls Johnson a murderer for his Viet Nam policy, or asks that all black prisoners be freed, the immediate white response is revulsion. But this response would modulate or disappear if whites were to accept Cleaver's writing as the paradox it is, the paradox of a man willing to fight for peace. People who can accept that Ben Tre must be destroyed to be saved should not have too much difficulty understanding Cleaver when he quotes Mao: "in order to get rid of the gun it is necessary to pick up the gun"; and Che:

> Wherever Death may surprise us
> It will be welcome, provided that
> This, our battle cry, reach some
> Receptive ear; that another hand
> Reach out to pick up the gun.

The only difference is that whites are taking it rather than giving it out for a change.

Cleaver's attitude is no different from Claude McKay's in an earlier generation:

> Like men we'll face the murderous, cowardly pack,
> Pressed to the wall, dying, but fighting back!

McKay was criticized for taking no direct political action. Cleaver has been called too active. Yet even in "Requiem for Nonviolence," he is not calling for murder in the streets but lamenting that white racism has made it almost inevitable. Our own fears reverse his lamentation into a rejoicing which he does not intend.

Indeed, he and his Panthers have not really created a movement so much as applied the theories of Frantz Fanon and Stokely Carmichael to their own situation. Neither of these men is racist in the prejudiced sense of attributing psychological traits to physiological causes, as Elijah Muhammad does with his doctrine of white devils. Throughout the book Cleaver repeats that he is eager to join with any whites who repudiate the colonial status of blacks in America and who view black power as a tripartite integrity of ethnic, cultural, and economic realities. Only such a unity can make the blacks effective politically, even if such unity must be defended with guns. Integration is not the issue, because to integrate is to assume that there is an America to integrate with. But America offers no true citizenship to the blacks when it offers integration into white culture. This attitude is what James Baldwin has dubbed "the myth of the majority" in *Nobody Knows My Name*.

The essay in which Cleaver deals at greatest length with the question of black power is the scholarly "The Land Question and Black Liberation." He rehearses the role of land for blacks in American history and traces a fatal curve of exclusion. Before Emancipation, Frederick Douglass drew the contrast between our hatred of Austrian tyranny and our tolerance of slavery at home. The next significant figure was Marcus Garvey, collecting the discontent of blacks who left Southern land for the delusive Promised Land of Northern cities, but Garvey was unable to realize his dream of an African empire. Dismissing the splinter-extremists, Cleaver next lists Carmichael and his black power code as the main bid for a black role on American soil. Failing political recognition, the blacks must go the way of other colonized peoples and ask for a UN plebiscite, or, failing that, guerilla warfare. Thus Cleaver draws the irresistible colonial analogy from Fanon. And because his prophecy has been so accurate, he has been blamed for the event. Yet not all who call themselves Black Panthers are members of the Black Panther Party dedicated to work for political acceptance of its ten-point party platform (listed in the *Playboy* interview).

Another impressive paper is the "Farewell Address." Like a true literary personality, Cleaver re-uses his material as we have seen in the two affidavits using the same events for separate themes. In his last speech, he again attacks the Adult Authority, but this time for their cooperation with the police to create a criminal record for a whole segment of the population. Like Claude Brown in *Manchild in the Promised Land*, Cleaver recounts how he keeps meeting the same classmates in crime from Juvenile Hall through all the grades of the California penal system. What

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begins as a penal sentence transmutes into political servitude, because no one can be expected to pay a debt to society his whole life long. Before we reject Cleaver's claims we must make an imaginative effort to share his years in the crucible of our racist prisons.

IV

I began by saying that we have no grounds for judging until we have read the book. Here are collected the facts that no paper or magazine but *Ramparts* has cared to print, facts that would correct and even reverse the mistaken ideas that most whites hold about Cleaver. And Cleaver speaks for himself more eloquently and at greater length than my review can suggest. I wanted to show Cleaver's work as a significant development in literary history, because he uses words for their immediate effect as acts. He has no interest in Ralph Ellison's "exalted" literary values that "turn in their *own* way, and not in the way of politics, upon the central issues." ("Hidden Name and Complex Fate") In the same essay, Ellison says:

> It is our fate as human beings always to give up some good things for other good things, to throw off certain bad circumstances only to create others. Thus there is a value for the writer in tying to give as thorough a report of social reality as possible. Only by doing so may we grasp and convey the cost of change.

But Cleaver says:

> I say it to racist America, that if every voice of dissent is silenced by your guns, by your courts, by your gas chambers, by your money, you will know, that as long as the ghost of Eldridge Cleaver is afoot, you have an ENEMY in your midst.

Eldridge Cleaver has no doubts about relative goods; he wants a free emotional life. He has no need for aesthetic artifacts to express the essential meaning of black experience; he is outraged at police persecution. He does not count the cost; he says "Right on!"

Ada or Ardor: A Family Chronicle in Five Parts by Vladimir Nabokov. McGraw-Hill. $8.95

Nabokophobes of the world will be appalled by *Ada*. They will shudder at its length (600 or 1200 pages, depending upon whether it is immediately re-read, as the author subtly suggests), and scurry back to their neurotic Nat Turners and copulating Couples. They will say, "His characters are too mannered, too stylized. Give us real people." They will then turn to more acceptable writers whose characters breathe (and sometimes even snore) but do little else. The cry for "real people" in fiction is often only a thinly disguised demand for the "art" form which many secretly crave — soap opera. As for the question of length, there are those who, with a kind of unpoetic justice, find *Moby Dick* or *Ulysses* too long and frequently boring. *Ada* is long, but its length reflects a lifetime of scholarship, experience, and carefully disciplined creative energy.

A full-dress explanation, a la Kinbote, of Nabokov's new novel after only one fast, footloose romp through its mazes and corridors, is definitely not in order. Like *Lolita* and *Pale Fire*, *Ada* is both intricate and elegantly simple. Its broad design is easy enough to follow: a memoir pieced together by two lovers (also brother and sister), Van and Ada Veen, in their old age, or as Van puts it, in their dot-dot-dotage. Their romance begins in 1884, at Ardis, their uncle's country estate, and continues off and on, 'midst ecstasy and turmoil, for some eighty years. After the complexities of *Pale Fire*, the narrative technique seems remarkably straightforward; most of the memoir is ostensibly related in the third person, although it is clear from the beginning that Van is the narrator. Occasionally the narrative is interrupted by a note or comment pencilled in either by Van or by Ada, and a reasonbly objective "Editor" (bearing only a slight resemblance to Professor Kinbote) now and then steps in to clarify an ambiguity in the text. The novel also contains a summary of Van Veen's own first book, *Letters from Terra* (a reflection, or refraction, of *Ada*), and ample notes from his famous and influential essay, "The Texture of Time." All of this is only the surface structure of *Ada*, of course. Beneath lies a complicated pattern of verbal motifs and literary allusions. There is, for example, the *Hamlet* motif culminating in the drowning of Lucette, Ada and Van's half-sister; and there is the network of allusions to Proust and Lewis Carroll which relates thematically to Van's essay on space and time.

The central thrust of the novel is toward an exploration of time and the ways in which one can deal with a present that seems always to be slipping into a frozen and irretrievable past. In his notes on "The Texture of Time," Van explains that his youthful years with Ada, now part of his past, are a storehouse of time and an accumulation of images. The images, the bright spots, can be recalled, dredged up, but they do not constitute time. The texture of time can be felt in the vague, grey patches between such remembered images. The recollection and creative reforming of these images is the past recaptured, but it is not the discovery of lost time. Time is motionless and can be experienced only in the present. The past is a spatial (placed in the imagination) concept, not a chronological one. True time cannot slip away or dissolve into a past. Van concludes that "the glittering 'now'" is "the only reality of Time's texture." The memoir which he creates with Ada is a result of his exploration into the nature of time. The essay itself is not a part of that recollection; it is written down during the present moment, as the ideas occur to Van. When he directly relates his thoughts on time, Van uses the first person, switching back to the third when the memoir resumes. A similar technique is employed by Nabokov, with considerably less success, in *Bend Sinister*. There the inner life, the thought, the imagination of Adam Krug is revealed through the first person, while the third person is used to describe his actions, his motions in circumscribed space.

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Structural and stylistic similarities between *Ada* and earlier Nabokov novels are too numerous to explore fully — the work-within-a-work, the memoir form, the alternation between first and "third" person, the network of allusions, puns, and anagrams. But the more interesting connections with Nabokov's previous work are thematic. Time and memory have always been Nabokov's preoccupation. Nearly all of his major characters must come to terms in one way or another with the problem of dealing with their past. Exile is often used as a metaphor for an inadequate method of perceiving time. Some characters, like Kinbote, attempt an ambitious restructuring of their pre-exile past; others, like Humbert Humbert (who is not a political exile, strictly speaking, but who suffers from a similar impairment of perception), look for their past in a present which they can hardly see. Many of Nabokov's characters are driven to insanity or suicide, but a few, such as Fyodor Godunov-Cherdyntsev, live harmoniously with and within time. Fyodor says to himself, near the end of *The Gift*, that "existence is . . . an eternal transformation of the future into the past." This recognition of "the glittering 'now'" is the heartbeat and pulse of one of Nabokov's finest short stories, "Spring in Fialta," a tale mentioned at least three times in *Ada*. There is, in fact, very little in *Ada* of "philosophical" interest which cannot be detected in his earlier books. As Nabokov said in a *Paris Review* interview, "Derivative writers seem versatile because they imitate many others . . . . Artistic originality has only its own self to copy."

What will puzzle many readers of *Ada* is the novel's unusual setting. Nabokov has long been interested in the creation of fictional characters based either on real people or on other fictional characters. In *Lolita* and *Pale Fire* this interest finds further expression in the creation of a highly stylized America, and in the case of *Pale Fire*, of a largely (though not wholly, by any means) imaginary country, Zembla. In *Ada* Nabokov constructs an entirely new world (Demonia) or, to be more precise, a new dimension, a new state of consciousness based loosely on our own. Always fascinated by the strange turns often taken by fate, Nabokov, in the world of *Ada*, allows his imagination full liberty to speculate on what might have happened on earth during the past several centuries, *if* . . . . On Demonia, it actually does happen, and the result is a fantasy environment in which Old Russia and young America, past and present, merge. Demonia is a world created to accommodate the sanity of Van and Ada, but it is not the best of all possible worlds for every character. The wretched, the lonely, the insane catch glimpses of that parallel existence called Terra, and two of them commit suicide, expecting not only release from a world that is hell for them, but entrance into another, presumably happier world — ours. The creation of this "ambidextrous universe," in which the mad and miserable of both dimensions seek refuge in the other, raises unsettling questions about conventional notions of an afterlife. The world of *Ada* blossoms naturally from the thought of John Shade, a poet greatly admired by Ada and Van, who writes in "Pale Fire":

> So why join in the vulgar laughter? Why
> Scorn a hereafter none can verify:
> The Turk's delight, the future lyres, the talks
> With Socrates and Proust in cypress walks,
> The seraph with his six flamingo wings,
> And Flemish hells with porcupines and things? . . .
>
> *Life is a message scribbled in the dark.*

To the characters in *Ada*, we are the inhabitants of their hereafter, and the great intellectual debate during Van Veen's lifetime is whether Terra (our world, the readers' world) is real or imaginary. To Van and Ada, the issue finally becomes irrelevant. Van observes near the end of the memoir, "You lose your immortality when you lose your memory." The present, continuously enriched by but in no way dependent upon the past, is the only future. Quite properly, Van and Ada do not die, but instead fade into the fabric of the novel. In *Ada* Nabokov creates his own world, his own space, in which his "imagined dreamers" can dream, live, recapture their past. Unlike Lewis Carroll's Alice, Ada and Van never awake into Terra, but remain in "Adaland" forever.

Ada is, by most criteria, Nabokov's richest novel. It is also his most personal. Readers who look for Vladimir and Vera in Van and Ada will not be disappointed. Mont Roux, Switzerland, where Van and Ada are reunited after a long separation, bears more than a coincidental resemblance to Montreux, the Nabokovs' residence for the past nine years. The book is very much the work of an old man — a man who has lived a long, eventful and highly creative life — but it is also the work of a man gifted with a child's imagination. Who but Nabokov, or perhaps Lewis Carroll, could construct a whole new world and make it so believable that the reader, after only a few pages, hardly notices that American towns have Russian names or that duels are being fought in Boston Common?

Nabokov has had his share of problems. Exiled from Russia in 1919 (his books are still banned back in the USSR), he wandered through Western Europe for twenty years before moving his family to America. His father, a liberal activist once imprisoned by Tsar Nicholas, was assassinated in Berlin by Russian fascists. His brother died of starvation in a German concentration camp. "With all her many black sins," one of Nabokov's characters muses, "Germany was still bound to remain forever and ever the laughing stock of the world." But even when expressing understandable bitterness at these events in his life, Nabokov retains a sense of humor that is as redemptive as it is rare in this age of ashcans and lamentations. The Proustian will delight in Van Veen's comic reference to Francoise's asparagus, and everyone will be tickled by the antics of Dr. Froid of Signy-Mondieu-Mondieu and his associate, Dr. Sig Heiler. Also unspared are Borges ("Osberg . . . Spanish writer of pretentious fairy tales and mystico-allegoric anecdotes"), Guy de Maupassant, General de Gaulle, the *Village Voice*, translators, critics, and many, many others.

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If *Ada* seems to be, at least in part, a collection of private jokes which can be fully appreciated only by those who know English, French, and Russian literature, it is. But the necessary information is accessible to all. Nabokov's purpose is not to tease, mystify, or dazzle the reader with *his* knowledge. Like Joyce, an artist with whom he otherwise has surprisingly little in common, Nabokov writes for the literate. His novels require careful reading, maximum attention, and frequent recourse to various dictionaries. Nabokov, like Auden a gift from Europe to America, is an artist neither embarrassed by erudition, nor afraid of the intellect, nor submerged in a mudslide of c h e a p emotionalism. Nabokov knows his century—its fads, its heroes, villains, clowns, its mass migrations, revolutions, apocalyptic wars and lonely, rootless individuals—as few others know it, and he transforms its raw materials into art with unmatched wit and urbanity. In *Ada* Nabokov has given us his message scribbled in the dark, his longest, wooliest ride through the English language, his most complete expression of himself and his world.

—*Richard Patteson*

Steps, by Jerry Kosinski. Random House. $4.95

Jerry Kosinski is a young Polish author who writes exclusively in English. Born in 1933, he lived his young adult life under the Stalinist regime in his native country until his immigration to the United States in 1957. These biographical facts are initially significant because they explain the nature of Kosinski's vision and the human experiences he explores in fiction. Secondly, the extraordinary power of his prose makes a comparison with Conrad inevitable. Kosinski has perfected an English style that is marked by a cold lucidity and a finely disciplined poetic atmosphere. *Steps* is a uniquely modern document and a genuine "sign of the times." Its power as a novel is both convincing and morally profound. Its import as an artistic vehicle may, indeed, have a serious effect on the future of the novel as a literary form.

One's initial impulse in reading *Steps* is a futile search for analogues of form. The novel is clearly anti-conventional, but here even the loosely critical term, "anti-conventional" offers little insight into the nature of the problem. The word "novel" appears on the title page, but one's expectations of character delineation and plot structure are quickly destroyed. The novelistic "experiment" of *Steps* does not have an apt parallel in Joyce or Woolf or Beckett. Kosinski's "experiment" is clearly a part of the continuing aesthetic problem which confronts every serious artist, the problem of fashioning a vehicle adequate to his special vision. The absolute nature of that vision is not without paradox and ambiguity. His literary intentions in *Steps* cannot be divined solely within the book itself.

Kosinski's first novel, *The Painted Bird* (1965), casts a partial illumination on the moral implications of *Steps*. A highly structured novel, *The Painted Bird* is an autobiographical journey of a young boy as he makes his way alone through the villages of his country in a war-torn Europe. Each experience is an encounter with suspicion, hate, and terror. The scenes of sexual perversity and individual brutality are overbearing to the point of sickness. In the end, the boy is molded by the brutishness of man and he spiritually joins the ranks of hate and animalism. The bond of hate is the common inheritance of mankind.

In *Steps*, Kosinski is working with an extension of the same theme. *The Painted Bird* offers neither grace nor hope to mitigate the pains of our brutishness, nor is such grace implicit in *Steps*. The first book offers a planned arrangement of human experiences, a chronological pattern of deranged and perverse events. Unlike *The Painted Bird*, *Steps* moves like a set of bad dreams over many nights of broken sleep.

Steps is a very brief novel, less than 150 pages. There are no chapters in the accepted sense. The book consists of some thirty-five individual episodes of extraordinarily diverse action. Interspersed throughout these vignettes are elliptical moments of conversation between a man and a woman. These conversations are italicized and in the present voice. The subject is always a variation of some sexual activity or impulse. The other episodes or vignettes are always written in time past, and the narrator who holds them together is never identified. These episodes are frequently moments of recollection or fantasy. There is *no logic or rationale* for their sequence, although a few episodes hinge upon a common experience, *i.e.*, when the narrator was a student, or in the army, or in New York. But even this clue of position or place does not essentially determine the content of the episode itself.

The narrator, who is never identified by name, is the controlling voice for the episodes he recounts, but the sequence and content of these vignettes is without coherence. Each vignette, however, is a sharply self-contained event. Few cues are given to the total action of the book, although it is vaguely apparent that the narrator is a young man living in a Communist-dominated part of Europe during and after the war. Toward the close of the novel, he travels to New York where his initiation to American life is achieved through a debased and criminal element.

The episodes depict a range of brutal and bizarre experiences. In an early episode, the narrator is penniless and alone on an island. He wins some food by succumbing to the advances of two extremely fat and sweaty matrons. He travels to unspecified places, meeting people without names. He is the victim of a homosexual whore, sees a "show" in a small town where a young girl copulates with an unspecified animal; he later meets a circus acrobat who can brush his mouth with her womb and face simultaneously. As a young student, he recounts a gang rape of his girl friend and how he seized the psychological advantage of this event to make her the object of his own sexual defilement. In two events, he poses beautifully the senseless destruction of butterflies by little children and an equally senseless murder

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of a nightwatchman: both episodes are motivated by the narrator's desire to clinically observe the death agony of the victim.

After the novels of William Burroughs, this range of horror strikes the reader as the all too familiar stuff of modern fiction. In *Steps*, however, the horror is rigidly controlled in the sharpness and verve of the episode. It is not gratuituous or hallucinatory as the nightmarish events of *Naked Lunch* or *The Soft Machine*. The horror in *Steps* is committed in places without names and by persons unspecified. The personalities involved are faceless actors in a social order of destructive force. Their brute acts are the final result of the interplay between a world of distrust and hate and the pliant but feeble impulse of hope and grace, the battened instinct that raises man above the brute. The image of "Steps" is a moral descendance, a spiral downward.

If one accepts the novel as the sole document for interpretation, the moral evolution of man is an unrelieved blackness. It is the point of despair from which no writer can rise for further artistic development: he is destined to continue repeating the agony of the steps downward. Here one needs to separate the faceless narrator from the author. The narrator has felt the pulse of the world, so seemingly bereft of grace. The author, still possessed of moral passion and visionary hope, offers a ray of grace, a light much diminished but still burning faintly. The epigraph of the novel is taken from the sacred book, *The Bhagavad Gita:*

> For the uncontrolled there is no wisdom, nor for the uncontrolled is there the power of concentration; and for him without concentration, there is no peace. And for the unpeaceful, how can there be happiness?

The moral equipoise which Kosinski seeks is the ascendant step, a direction opposite from that which he fictionalizes, a new world in which the control, peace, and happiness of *The Bhagavad Gita* is restored to the life of man. The moral imperative is clear, but the journey back to life is uncharted.

—Daniel J. Cahill

Zuckerkandl!, by Robert Maynard Hutchins; Illustrations taken from the film by John and Faith Hubley. Grove Press. $1.50

Zuckerkandl! is an urbane, sophisticated, satiric tweak of the politically and socially uninvolved and undistracted. Hutchins knows the inside of Professor Zuckerkandl as though it were his own. It is. His finesse in translating from the "Adl," with bilingual puns on practically every page, and the skill with which he advances Zuckerkandl's image—nay, his double image—show us that Zuckerkandl is both profound and Adld.

It would be a bold reviewer who would try to render these witty and pithy paradigms out of their context. The cautious reviewer eschews the effort to try to kiss you on the telephone. But certain key apothegms may be shared. "Zuckerkandlism . . . supplies mankind with the reasons for doing what it is doing already." "Our aim in life . . . , says Dr. Zuckerkandl, is to get through it," . . . adding as an afterthought: "without sensation."

Zuckerkandlism, as a philosophy—or rather as vicarious psilosophy—dares to confront Freud, Zen Buddhism, Nihilistic Mahayana Buddhism, Logical Empiricism, Kantianism, Pragmatism, Adlerism, and Adlpaets. Zuckerkandl, like his apothegmatic disciple and translator, Hutchins, confronts without considering and was apparently completely undisturbed by the slightest quiver of self-criticism. His injunction, "let all your experiences be vicarious," suggests inexplicitly his most trenchant axiological principle that "the only true morality . . . is amorality, because amorality eliminates the choice."

Zuckerkandl! is too edgy to pass for light satire. The rock candy, and the sugar bowl (*Zucker*kandl), are tinted in ironic gall. Hutchins wants us to be relevantly involved.

Recommended for well read sophomores and their professorial keepers.

—Allan Shields

theatre journal

Looking back on the 1968-69 theatre season in New York, one finds oneself admiring two performances in particular—those of Donald Pleasance in *The Man in the Glass Booth* and Alec McCowen in *Hadrian VII*. It is perhaps ironic that the most memorable performances this year in our national theatre should be those of English actors, and, at that, English actors repeating their successes of the previous year in London. Until rather recently, neither Pleasance nor McCowen has been particularly well-known here. Yet of the two, Pleasance is the better known in America, since, within the last few years, he has had leading roles in Pinter's *The Caretaker* and Anouilh's *Poor Bitos*. McCowen also comes out of English repertory, and has starred in a previous American production—*After the Rain*, of two seasons ago.

What is most interesting perhaps about Pleasance and McCowen is that their careers have been strangely similar. There is the coincidence, to point this up, of their having made their original American debuts in the same company—in the Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh productions of *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Caesar and Cleopatra*. But this coincidence is merely symptomatic of their similar beginnings in repertory, and their gradual, quiet rise to the substantial successes they have at last achieved this year. Neither is young, handsome, glamorous; they have none of those assets that are characteristic of the type of the American actor who becomes a sensation overnight. In short, Pleasance and McCowen are not "leading men" but character actors; their appeal is not the vividness of their youth, magnetism, and personal style but their ability to *become* the character they portray.

Several years ago, I had the experience of seeing Donald Pleasance in *Poor Bitos*, an experience I have always remembered. For Pleasance, as Bitos, reached heights of greatness rarely seen in the theatre. Pleasance *was* Bitos; he was Bitos in all of his ambition, his greed, his rage at his

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social "betters," and his terrible, and really anguished, *meanness*. It was an identification so complete that it was stunning; the other actors, by comparison, were merely able, merely putting in their time. This success that was almost too complete left some doubts in my mind; I wondered if Pleasance had not played himself, had not done to high perfection the one role it was given him to do. That is why Pleasance's creation of Arthur Goldman in *The Man in the Glass Booth* was doubly a pleasure. He had created another character, different from the last, and also a definite triumph—a stage character who is a real man one seems to have encountered personally, someone hauntingly memorable.

In *The Man in the Glass Booth*, Donald Pleasance is an anguished man driven by his fantasies and his guilt; he is unable to extricate himself from his past and the *fact* that he is a Jew. He is supremely a Jew—to the very soul. In the beginning, we see him as a magnate, controlling a capitalist empire from his suite in one of New York's colossal buildings—a setting that is like a refuge from reality, as Pleasance makes us feel in many subtle, ineffable ways. We even feel that, in some complicated way, he may be mad, that he is possessed by some abnormality which, though hardly visible, is yet deep. His gestures, slight as they are, are extraordinarily telling—his tendency to point his nose in the air, as if sniffing out danger; his eyes, glassy under certain lights, that give him away. In the second half, he stands trial in Israel as a second Eichmann, revealed, it is believed, as Colonel Adolph Carl Dorf of the S.S., a sadistic overseer of the extermination of Jews in a Nazi concentration camp. In the end, it is made clear that he is not Dorf but Goldman, driven to confess his psychic identification with Dorf and thus his complicity in his crimes, driven to confess and be punished.

Pleasance is greater than the play in which he appears, which is not always credible. It is not credible that he could successfully arrange to be brought to trial, but Pleasance's performance compensates for any liability of Robert Shaw's scenario. One would not wish to miss the great scene near the end in which he declares for Hitler and Hitler's vision of a super race, and the pleasure of disciplining the weak and inferior. The speech is so powerful that the audience was visibly moved by a horrible "joy". Finally, Arthur Goldman is crumpled by exposure, his guilt and masochism placed forever on record. Yet throughout all of his changes, or of the audience's changing views of him, there is a fascinating consistency and believeability; he is always tortured, wretched. Pleasance's performance is so good that it is difficult to undertake to say how he did it; there is an impression of power, of authenticity.

Alec McCowen is not as powerful, although he is authentic, in *Hadrian VII*, a play written by Peter Luke, based on the life and writings of Frederick William Rolfe (known as Baron Corvo), a nineteenth-century fantast who aspired to the Catholic priesthood, and whose writings are piquant with idosyncracy and megalomania. In the play, McCowen as Rolfe suceeds to the papacy in a world in which dream and reality are blurred. What is most delightful about *Hadrian VII* is the witty irreverence with which the Establishment, and often in this case the Church Establishment, is treated. All of the stored-up grudges of Rolfe, thwarted in his desire for priesthood, mistreated by seminarian authorities who have begrudged him even his starvation allowance, are aired as Rolfe, now Pope Hadrian, sets the Vatican house in order. Cardinals scurry and conspire against him as he initiates reform; he sits in the pope's chair, confident that he holds the winning hand, and smoking a cigarette (an old habit he has been unable to overcome). As the plays of Shaw reveal, irreverence can be a delight, and while Peter Luke is no Shaw, he is nevertheless thoroughly entertaining. Ultimately, the play is an entertainment, on a literate level; its wit is held in tension by the play's social criticism, the force of which can be felt by the passed-over and wrongfully treated of the world, an element of which is in almost everyone.

Alec McCowen's performance is striking, to begin with, because he has mastered it so thoroughly. While it is all spontaneous, there is not a line or a gesture which McCowen has not thought out and perfected. Most of all, McCowen has not failed to create a distinct human being—a crank perhaps, but an inspired and likeable one with enough authority to be believeable as a pope as well as a pauper. We have a total sense of a worldly failure, of slight stature but more than sufficient ego, retaliating upon a world in which the least worthy succeed. A shy loner, his put downs are elaborate, articulate, and razor-sharp.

McCowen and Pleasance, as I have said, have had rather similar careers in the theatre; but more important, their concept of acting is similar. Opposed in their conception of acting to the Actor's Studio, they are closer to Lunt and Fontanne; their polished performances have been the result of two year's work perfecting their roles. Such disciplined acting is not popular in this country, but it is the main tradition in England, and it is in the English theatre, of course, that McCowen and Pleasance have been trained and formed. Pleasance, in particular, worked under Alec Guiness, and it is Alec Guiness who comes to mind in a discussion of their method. In Guiness's acting, a character is solidly and meticulously built up and created until at last, through contrivance, Guiness *becomes* the character he plays. His own personal identity is gone, has disappeared, in his creation of the character he plays. *Time* magazine once featured on its cover a drawing of Guiness looking into a mirror, which reflected back to him an unimposing blob of a rubber face. And truthfully, the Guiness actor has a rubber face, moulded into the features of whatever character he portrays. McCowen and Pleasance are Guiness-style actors in their perfection of stage identities, and it is a pleasure to see, at this late hour, and with so much acting that is not acting that such a school has still a place.

—*Robert Emmet Long*

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